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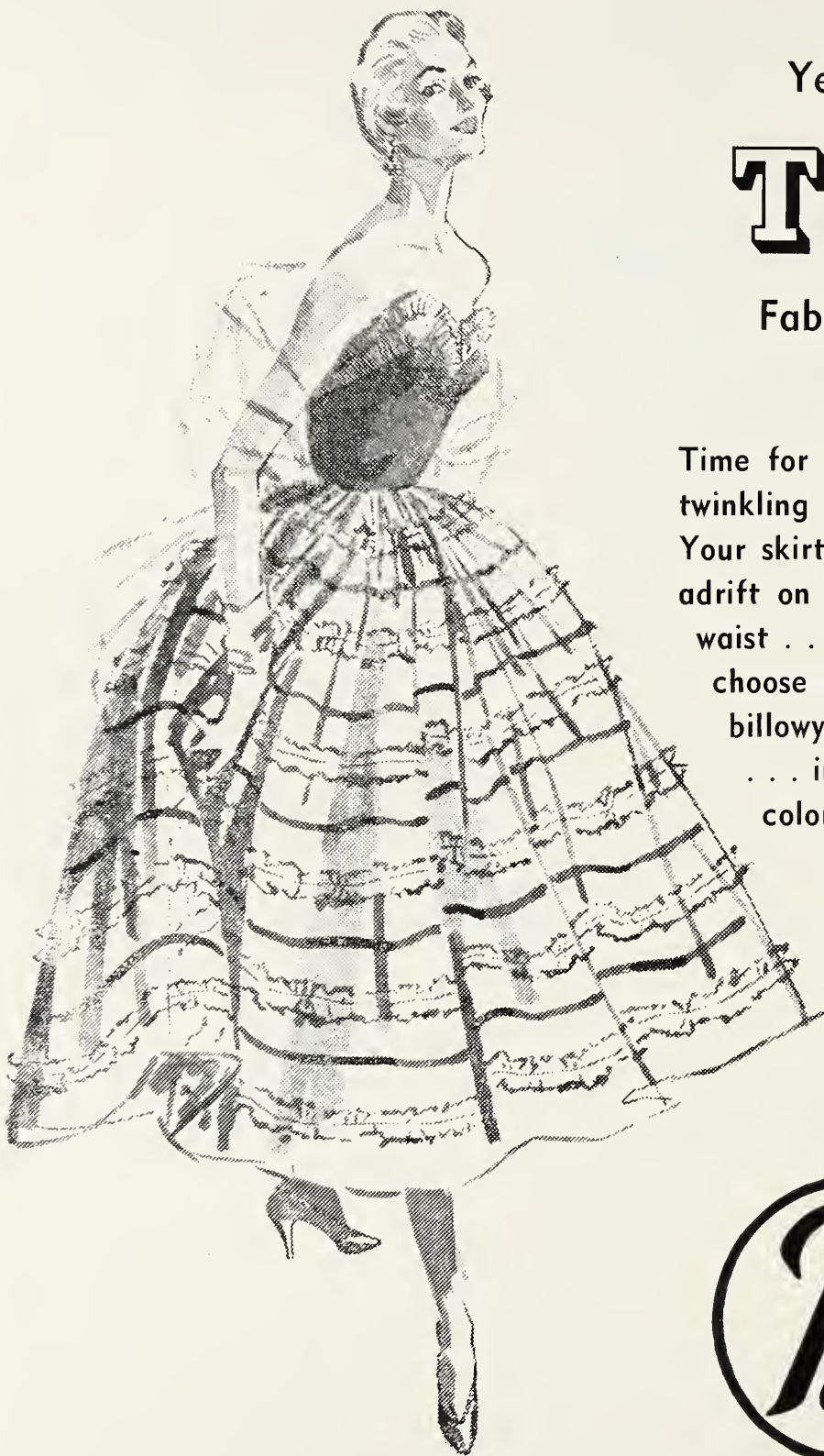
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OCTOBER, 1953

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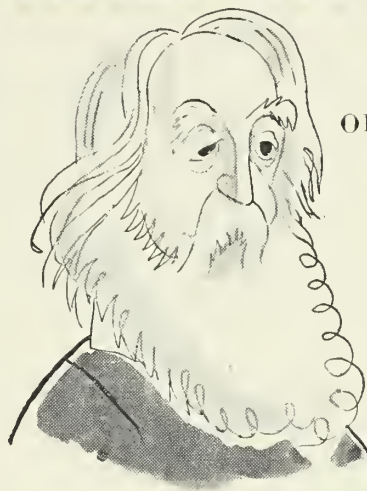
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THE ARCHIVE

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FIFTY CENTS A COPY — TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Somewhere

To M.N.W.

Somewhere, I know:
Somewhere is where
I have to go,
To try to find
Within my heart,
And in my mind—
What made me start
To search to find
What lies within
My heart, my mind.

—Rutledge Parker

EVERY THURSDAY

by Avis Ann Oehlbeck

ALL OF EMMA'S friends played bridge on Thursday afternoon. Right now they were at Clara Bristol's, or perhaps Jane Davis' since there were new people moving in next door. Promptly at 4:30 the strawberry shortcakes and ice teas would arrive on a tea cart, for 4:30 was between the second and third rubber.

Emma thought about it, a little amused as she watched Ellen lumber by on her way to Jane or Clara's. Now and then Emma looked up from her work at the machine to see the passers-by perspiring along in the early afternoon heat. She herself felt cool and withdrawn in the darkened parlor with the shades pulled toward the sun.

It was Thursday afternoon again, and John was gone. Emma looked out into the bright heat at something beyond her work and the yellowed house across the street. Always before, Thursday was John's. She had told her friends years ago.

"It's John's only day off, you understand. Sometimes he just decides to do something at the last minute, and he's so disappointed if I can't go with him. You understand. . . ."

But how could they understand? Thursday was always theirs, just like any other day. Bridge in the afternoons, TV or baseball games at night, and the men sat in silent corners, pretending to be thinking deeply about business matters. But John and she had been different.

"Grab your hat, Emma. How about going up to see about a ham?" he had said in his quick, impulsive way. She would run to the hall closet to snatch her blue hat, slip the key under the mat, and they had gone. The two of them would come back hours later after a long drive

in the mountains with their faces flushed from the cool air and their arms full of pink and purple flowers or baskets of hard, red apples.

It was a good thing that there had been no flowers last week. She had really forgotten all about them until Myra had whispered to her in her quiet, funereal voice.

"Flowers, Emma, you'll want some for the casket."

Emma had answered that right away—strongly, firmly.

"No flowers, Myra. Not at all, I don't want any flowers!" Then, when she had seen the puzzled expression of her friend's face and felt her withdraw from the command, she softened it.

"Really, Myra, John wouldn't have wanted flowers."

They had never talked of it, but somehow Emma knew John would not have wanted flowers. They had both loved them so—the long sprays of white dogwood, the purple feathery Judas, the pink and purple velvet laurel and rhododendron. The flowers would not have been that kind. Friends would have sent tight crowded wreaths of lilies and roses and carnations—flowers that smelled death and looked death and soon were death.

She had to stop thinking in that direction, for she could feel the hard tightness coming up from her chest. It was all over, and, from now on, Thursday was Thursday, just like any other day.

She picked up the dress in her lap and made a few half-hearted attempts to finish whipping a white collar on to the neck and then dropped it again.

It was a summer dress, one that John would never see again. A dress she might have worn on a ride or

just around the house. A dress he never would have noticed unless the hem were dragging or it was a print. How he hated print dresses and loved sleeveless ones.

"You have nice arms for them, Emma, just like a girl's."

Emma had looked in her closet when she had dressed to go out to the grave and had noticed that so many of them were sleeveless, pink and purple and red. So unappropriate for a grave and so right for a Thursday. Emma wore a red one anyway, for it was for John.

She had been sitting at the window staring out into the street again for quite a while when she finally realized that the doorbell was insistently ringing. She laid her work on the machine and walked into the front hall. The bright sunlight streamed through the glass towards her, completely obscuring the group of people outside. It hurt her eyes so much that she could only vaguely ascertain the outline of several women on the porch. She opened the door quickly to break the spell of the glass.

"Clara!" Emma looked squarely into the determined eyes of one of the women in her doorway.

"Myra, Jane, Ellen, what are you doing here?" Their wide-eyed, soft faces reflected everything from a tinge of discomfort almost to resentment.

"Come in, come in." They must have come to visit because it was Thursday. They must have remembered that Thursday was John's and Emma's.

"Sit down, sit down, goodness, sit down." She looked at them warmly, thanking them for their kindness with her eyes. She knew well what

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SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

The mountains of Wales, illness, and the influence of George Herbert are among the things which made Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) a true poet—mystical, simple, yet grotesque with all the paradox of seventeenth century metaphysical poetry.

A casual reader of the poetry of Henry Vaughan might rather easily be left with a sense of philosophical confusion. But even though one realizes that Vaughan's vision of life was a mystical rather than a rational one, and that, as a poet, he was more concerned with feeling and what might be called the poetic experience than with logic; it is possible to find that Vaughan's work achieves a synthesis of philosophically antithetical ideas.

The mystical experience has expressed itself in two primary channels throughout the history of the world. The first can be categorized as "Gnostic" and the second as "Transcendental." In the primitive Church, Gnosticism was a powerful force until it began to wane before the growing power of the Manichaean movement in the beginning of the fourth century. It was dualistic. The Gnostics made a sharp contrast between the two worlds of the good and of the evil, the divine world and the material world, the worlds of light and of darkness. The early Gnostic sects believed that they possessed a mysterious knowledge, unaccessible to outsiders, and not based on reflection but on revelation.

The one concession they made to the idea that matter was the embodiment of evil was the belief that God had given a divine spark to man, a light within, which makes man part of the divine light of Heaven. The two primary things to remember about Gnosticism are that it was dualistic and that it was easily adapted by later mystics because of its belief in revelation. Gnosticism traces its philosophical history through Persian Zoroastrianism. Transcendentalism, on the other hand, finds its genesis in Greek pantheism. It is unitary. That is, it holds the belief that all reality, the spiritual and the physical, is an expression of God; for God is reality. The universe is one; it is only the feeble mind of man that makes it seem as if it is subdivided into good and evil, physical and spiritual. All being is simply an aspect of one God. As can be seen, Gnosticism and Transcendentalism are at the opposite ends of the philosophical pole. While

one maintains that the universe is made up of two forces (the Gnostics claimed that devils were the supernatural representations of evil), the other claims that there is but one unified structure to all of reality. Vaughan was to reconcile these two seemingly irreconcilable ways of viewing reality.

Vaughan's imagery is almost completely "Gnostic". Light and shadow, day and night, the sun and clouds are symbolic of good and evil, the divine and the human.

The sun is one of Vaughan's most frequent images. God is repeatedly compared to the sun, the source of light. In "The Dawning" we find the second coming of Christ compared to the rising of the morning sun.

So when that day and hour shall come
In which Thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great Day.

In "Silence and Stealth of Days", Vaughan speaks of a dead friend as,

. . . walking from his sun, when past
That glimmering ray,
Cuts through the heavy mist in haste
Back to his day;

That is, by leaving the sun of physical existence, he finds the light of Heaven, the sun of God. In "Regeneration", the poet constantly refers to his sight of God (which he has gained through his spiritual regeneration) in terms of the sun. "Full east" is the direction he takes. "The unthrift sun shot vital gold . . . And heaven its azure did unfold." Light and day are the symbols of goodness and holiness. In "The Retreat", Vaughan says he was closer to God as a child;

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel infancy;
and:

Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;

CE IN HENRY VAUGHAN

By John Doeblér

Even "God's saints are shining lights" in "Joy of My Life While Left Me Here." In the poem "Regeneration" we find that those who are susceptible to the power and glory of God are like flowers open to the rays of the sun, whereas the unfaithful have closed petals, even though it is midday.

. . . 'twas midday,
Some fast asleep, others broad-eyed
And taking in the ray;

If the sun, light and day represent God, goodness and heaven then the other side of the scale is balanced by the evil and corruption of darkness and night. The incidental imagery of this idea is to be found in eclipses, veils, tombs and clouds. In "Regeneration" the poet describes his state of being before his conversion:

. . . sin
Like clouds eclipsed my mind.

"Vanity of Spirit" describes Vaughan's feelings when he realizes that his own vanity has hidden him from the sight of God:

That little light I had was gone:
It grieved me much. At last, said I,
Since in these veils my eclipsed eye
May not approach Thee (for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?),
I'll disapparel, and to buy
But one half glance, most gladly die.

His vanity has acted as a veil to eclipse his eye from the light of God. In "Death", we find death to be:

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the Sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud.

The poem "The Night" is filled with the imagery of night and day. Vaughan addresses God in his poem on original sin, "Corruption":

I see, Thy curtains are close-drawn; Thy bow
Looks dim, too, in the cloud;
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
The center, and his shroud.
All's in deep sleep and night: thick darkness lies
And hatcheth o'er Thy people—

"The World" sums up the idea that Vaughan's imagery is dualistic or Gnostic. The poet says:

I saw eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;

Then he compares the world to a "vast shadow" which eclipsed the light of eternity. "The darksome statesman" is "Like a thick midnight fog." The poet rebukes mankind for its sinfulness:

"O fools!" said I, "thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun and be
More bright than he!"

God and eternity are the sun, light, and day whereas the physical universe and man are night, dark, and dead.

It would be a very simple thing if we could say that, for Vaughan, the physical universe is a place of darkness and night, whereas light and day are to be found in the spiritual existence of God. But this is only a partial truth. Although Vaughan makes use of this dichotomy in his imagery, many of his descriptive passages are quite the opposite. Here we find that God is constantly being revealed in the physical universe. Substance does not always cast the shadow that eclipses the bright sun of God; it is often an expression of God Himself. In "Liber 2. Metrum 5" Vaughan

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AN EYE TO THE UNBORN

SEVEN DRAMATIC SCENES

This play was written in anger and consequently has anger's qualities. I have heard and I believe that the process of writing should be objective and have objectivity's face which is precise and mathematical thought. This writing has not and perhaps, as writing, is faulty for the lack of it; but as Idea contained in writing may gain for its anger. The sight that I have of the Idea here will continue in anger and were I to choose between the precise objectivity of good writing and the vitality that anger breeds I would have to hold with anger as the best means of voicing my belief.

William Louis-Dreyfus

The scene is a hall or a large room. There are straw chairs and armchairs about and somewhat in the center of the stage there is a table with a good amount of papers on it. The arrangement of the chairs and desk is undertermined. There is a grave and very solid aspect about the way the desk stands facing out. The chairs are placed around it, some with their backs turned to the front, some with their backs to the table, some facing each other. Behind the table and chairs there is a wall with two windows which stand open as the curtain rises. The stage is lighted to give the effect of a lighted room. There is no concentration of light on any one spot. At the opening there are young men and women sitting in the chairs, most of them slouched down, talking to each other. Their talk is loud and fast but only the sound of their jumbled voices can be heard. An elderly man stands behind the table. His head is lowered and his hands shift the papers in front of him. As the curtain rises the time is very obviously twilight but inasmuch as the spirit of the action here will quickly be past, the time is the *very present*.

McAbe: "All right if you'll all be quiet for a minute" (he pauses as the young men and women shift to look at him). "I won't keep you long. We've done all that we had to do and right on schedule. That hasn't happened often in my life; (a little laughter) and it won't in yours (he stops, suddenly aware that he is talking like a guest speaker at a luncheon). I'm not calling a rehearsal for two days but I want everybody here and ready to start at seven thirty Wednesday.

The young men and women answer with "OK's," and "right's," and "Yes sir's" and a confusion of shuffling and whispering.

McAbe: We've got the playhouse for three nights and I've put tickets on sale starting tomorrow night here and at the playhouse. I think that about takes care of it, except I expect you all to know your lines the last day of blocking and to be on time at every rehearsal. That's all I ask and I'm going to make sure I get it.

Voice from one of the chairs: You going to put up a rehearsal schedule, Mr. McAbe?

McAbe: On the door of my office and outside on the bulletin board here.

Second voice: Who's doing publicity?

Voice from corner: Marjorie and I.

McAbe: The posters haven't gotten back yet. What did they tell you downtown, George?

George: It should be tomorrow or the day after. Wyatt told me they were swamped down there.

McAbe: That'll be time enough. (A long pause. The young men and women become aware of the silence and look around at McAbe) There's just one more thing. You all know the play we're doing and the spirit of it. I chose it not because I believe what it has to say but because it's good young airy theater. (He stops, looks down at his hands). I don't think I need defend myself for it, but I want to lay it on the line to you people. If any of you think you could

hurt yourself by being in it, I want you to feel absolutely right in saying so. I don't want you to be in the show if you think there's any danger at all. It wouldn't be fair to yourselves. If you have any doubts. I'm old and the thing can't touch me. But with you people it's a different thing. If you feel at all apprehensive . . .

Voice: Why should we?

McAbe: Well, all right, but wait a minute. There's no use dismissing it that quickly. We've all got to face what we know the situation is.

The young men and women shuffle and move about and turn to each other. As McAbe quiets them and starts talking again, the lighting on the stage becomes more concentrated and the wall and the windows and the young people in front fade into a shadow. There is a beam on Mc.

Mc: Hold on a minute. I want to put the situation squarely to you. You all know what's going on in this country today. I don't have to explain that. I know we're only a little spot on the map and I don't imagine there's much chance of the people in the capitol hearing about us or about what we're doing.

Voice: But what ARE we doing, putting on a play, plain and simple. We're not preaching any political policy.

Mc: Sure we know that but . . .

Another voice: But the play does the preaching.

Mc: That's it exactly. Listen, it's plain enough to see and I don't want to make an issue of it. I'm not on the witness stand and I don't have to defend myself, I know, but things are as they are and we've got to make sure we all know what we're doing. .

Voice: All right, sir, we understand.

Mc: Fine (Pause). But I haven't finished. (Another pause). If something should come of this (McAbe's voice changes. He speaks slowly but doesn't pause. His voice becomes low and earnest. He leans forward and looks very old. But his voice and the silence of it has a spirit of young rebellion). If something should happen, I want you to know this much about me. About twenty years ago I belonged to a socialist group in Chicago. It was just before I came here, twenty-two years ago, exactly. I was a member and carried a membership card. I used to pack picket lines. All of us did. We put out our own newspaper and I used to write for it. I believed strongly in what I was doing. There were a lot of things wrong for a lot of people then, and all I did was in the truth of

what I believed. I'm not ashamed of any of it. I think it was worthwhile. I know it was.

Young man: (Stands up quickly from his seat close to the table. He is very tall and partly blocks McAbe from view). You don't have to tell us all that, Mr. McAbe; it's none of our business, and it doesn't affect us in the least.

Mc: (His voice very old). Well, maybe, maybe, thank you. (Young man sits down) But it's my duty to let you know. We're all in this together and you'll be in the eye more than I will.

Young man: (From his chair) All right, that's all then. We know all about it and that settles it.

Mc: No, no, I haven't finished. (Pause. He turns his head and talks as if to the windows behind him) There were riots and fights in the picket lines then. I was arrested twice and they've got me on record in Chicago. I never committed any felony but the world was hot under the collar then and when talking did no good, we used our fists and feet.

Young man: Well, okay, at the first sign of riot here, we'll stop the show, how's that?

Mc: (Smiling for a moment) I don't imagine that'll happen here. But all I wanted to make you see is that if something does come of our production and if I should be questioned, I'd have to admit to all that. I don't imagine it'll hurt me much, but it could put you people in a bad light. That's all.

Voice: I've spent a night in jail, too, and not twenty years ago. So we'll be black-listed together, Mr. McAbe.

Another voice: (Mimicking) A jailbird in our clean-living organization!

Another voice: Two jailbirds.

Mc: (With a sigh) Fine, well, that's that. George get the posters going and the rest of you get to your lines . . . and I don't want any broken arms, legs, black eyes, measles, etc.

Voices, together — "OK," "all right," "that's it," "right." "I never get to stand up in the play anyway." "See you Wednesday" — "Seven-thirty, that right?"

Mc: Seven-thirty on the nose, that's right.

Voices: Goodnight, see you Wednesday.

Mc: Goodnight. Goodnight. (Lights fade)

* * * * *

The scene is McAbe's office. McAbe is at his desk, his back to two windows which stand closed. The

office is small and the walls of the little room are crowded with books. There is an American flag between the two windows. The desk stands at an angle to the front. But McCabe sits facing front. As the curtain rises three men, all in double-breasted suits with rounded bellies, stand talking to McCabe. The scene is lighted as a room might be; there is no concentration of light.

First man: Now look, Ben. All of us here aren't at odds about anything. And it's because we've known each other for so long and that this town belongs to all of us, that we've got to talk sensibly and see what we can do about this thing.

Other two men: That's right.

Mc: (Quietly) I know that. We were both new to this town together. But what's the fuss. You come in here as if . . .

First man: Oh, come on, Ben. You know how things are, we're living in troubled times . . .

Mc: All right, Sam.

Sam: I don't want any attention drawn here. After all, we're the backbone of this country, Ben, you know. Towns like ours all over the country, you know, Ben. Honest towns with good families and clean living people . . . (two others, not in unison).

Mc: You telling me I'm soiling the town's clean-living people.

Sam: No, Ben, I know you're a community man, just like me. I worked my way up here, Ben, and I'm a part of this community. It's mine to look after and this idea of yours . . .

Mc: It's no idea, Sam. I put on three plays a year, here. I've been doing it for a good long time. That's all I'm doing now.

Sam: No sir, no sir indeed. You're undermining . . .

Mc: What the hell is it, then.

Sam: (Points his finger at McCabe) This idea of yours, or this play, whatever you call it is putting all of us in danger. Now you know how we've lived here . . .

Mc: In danger of what?

Sam: Ben, why the hell don't you see this as I do. We've got things to protect, our country, what it stands for.

Mc: Will you just tell me how in the name of heaven I'm endangering the country?

Sam: (With sickening earnestness) Now, Ben, I know you're just as patriotic as I am, this is your town and your country as it is mine. I don't tell you you're not a good citizen (as he says this the other two men walk over to the wall and lean up against the books. Just as they do so, the lights fade, the books and the windows and the flag fade into the shadow. Sam stands bathed in light, the two men behind him. The light on Ben fades slowly as the scene progresses.)

Mc: Sam, I don't need you to show me that I'm a good citizen.

Sam: Now listen, Ben, you're behaving like a young kid. (With a great breath). It won't do any of us any good to be stubborn about this.

Mc: (Turning away) I'm not at all sure which one of us isn't seeing this thing right. I've chosen the play for the summer production and it's an important play in the American Theater. I think a lot could be gained by it.

Sam: No, it isn't a good play. It's a notorious attack . . .

Mc: (Gently) Sam, you haven't even read it.

Sam: I don't need to read it, damn it! I know what it has to say. I know about the filth he preaches.

Mc: What filth, for Christ's sake are you talking about?

Sam: The filth it says about America and Americans, about you and me, Ben.

Two other men: That's right.

Mc: It doesn't say a thing about me, Sam. (Pause) I don't know why I'm even listening to you. You know nothing about the play, you haven't read it. You know nothing about my work or the meaning of it.

Sam: All right, By God. I didn't come here to fight, McCabe. If you want the plain facts, I'll give them to you. This is a hell of a country we've got. I know, I've studied it. Our government, and our politics, and what makes it tick, and what it stands for. I know what this country's enemies are. Especially today. We've got enemies, McCabe, and we've got to protect ourselves. Our way of life's too damn good to have anything spoil it. All these sons of bitches that go around talking us down, yelling about this ain't right, that ain't right. They got to be put in their place. They got no right even to be living here (McCabe stands). All right, let me finish. Now, you say this play of yours is just a play, you say. But I'm telling

you it's an attack on you and me, and all of us, even if it don't call you by name. All right, you say. This little town isn't much in this country, but if everybody does their share, and this town's our share. I'm not going to let anything happen here and I'll get tough if I have to. (McAbe sits) This play of yours is no good for this town. This town won't like what it has to say. It isn't American and I don't believe it's a part of our American plays.

Mc: Well, that's your opinion, Sam. I'm just as much aware as you of the country's enemies. I've studied the thing for a long time too. But this is the play I've chosen, and I'm going to put it on. If there's any explaining to do, I'll do it. It won't be any of your concern.

Sam: It's my concern right now. It may be your play, but it's my town and I'm not going to let anything happen here. We're all good Americans and we're going to keep on living that way. If you want to give your play, give it in your own cellar, but don't come to the playhouse.

Mc: We'll be in the playhouse six weeks from now, Sam.

Sam: We'll see about that, by God! I've got a duty to do and I'm going to do it. (Sam starts to leave with the two men behind him.)

Mc: You might try reading the play, Sam, before you start crusading. (Sam turns around, says nothing, and leaves followed by the two men).

McAbe remains motionless, looking in front of him. The light on him is very dim. He can barely be seen. He clasps his hands together, and leans his head back. There is a knock at the door and George comes in without waiting for an answer. The lights remain dim.

Mc: Hello, George.

George: I just saw Wyatt down at Linny's. He says they're not doing the posters. I asked him why. He said he can't do them, Mr. McAbe. I tried to get him to come up and see you here, but he said that was all there was to it—they're just not doing them.

Mc: (Stifled anger) But didn't he say why?

George: No, he just said that they can't do them. I could hardly get him to talk to me. (A pause) What was Sam Chester doing here?

Mc: He doesn't want us to do the play either, George. (Lights fade).

* * * * *

The scene is a dean's office at an American University. It is bright daylight. At either end of the room there are two windows, that stand closed. The walls are covered with books and the University seal is on the wall directly facing front. The dean is at the desk. He looks very starched in a blue suit and white shirt. Standing to his right is a man of the same age. He is looking straight at the dean and has his hands on the back of a chair in front of him. The actual place of this scene and of the whole play is in the minds of men. We call it America to give it language. The time is day, but for us to know it better we must call it the *present future*.

Dean: I won't hide it from you, Bill, this thing frightens me. If I were a professor I could follow my conscience. But I'm not. I'm a sort of guardian to this place. And to guard it right, I need money. You're not the people who give me the money, Bill. It's just that simple.

Bill: (Sits, smiles, halfway laughing) That's a certainty.

Dean: All right then, you can see that much with me. We've all got to adjust ourselves to these times. (Shrugs) I'm beginning to sound like all those stuffed jelly-rolls, with their spirit of education and their educated bank-books.

Bill: What's the Rhubarb, Humphrey?

Humphrey: This is it. There's been talk about what you're reading in your classes and the way you're teaching the stuff. I don't know precisely what the objection is, God knows, all it is is history. But . . .

Bill: Who's doing the talking?

Humph: Well, from what I can understand of the whole thing, one of your students went home full of big ideas about utopias . . . I guess it scared his mother to death. She called up here and started to tell me all about how the family lost two sons in the war and that the father was dead and that she had had to bring up her son all alone, and that she was scared about the bad ideas he was getting at the school.

Bill: Bad ideas! What are bad ideas, my Lord, what are bad ideas? Nothing's new in my course. I don't invent anything. I'm just quoting someone who went before me. I only read the record.

Dean: You needn't tell me that. I know it as well as you do. But the story got around and the seven wise-men upstairs, they're scared too, although they

don't show it. They were all huffing and puffing with their righteous indignation.

Bill: (Stands, walks to the window) Well, I can't believe it. The backbone of the school, in a turmoil over my course.

Dean: (Turns away from Bill's back) It's worse than that, they want you to leave. (He turns back toward Bill, who doesn't move).

Bill: (Turns sharply around) Now, hold on just a minute.

Dean: (Lightly) That's it, professor.

Bill: What do you mean. "That's it."

Dean: They said they can't have anybody teaching that way here. I laughed at them too, at first, but Bill, they mean it. They say, either you change your way of teaching, or you go.

Bill: (Sits) Oh, is that all. Become another teacher, or don't teach at all. Oh, I couldn't do it Humphrey. I don't know if I know history any other way.

Dean: I told them that. But they don't know teaching. They really don't know anything. You've got to understand, I'm not asking you to do this. But I'm the one who will fire you if you don't. (Pause) I even had to line up a new man.

Bill: Well, maybe I don't quite understand this thing. It looks pretty much as if I'm gone no matter what happens. (Pause. Suddenly the sun bursts through the closed windows. The dean gets up quickly and pulls the blinds down. There is a knock at the door.)

Dean: Yes, (A tall, thin young man comes in. He has a very white face. Expressionless. He walks right up to the desk.) Oh, hello there. (He stretches a hand toward Bill) I'd like to have you meet Professor William Hall. Bill, this is Professor Allison. (The two men shake hands)

Bill: (A little taken aback) How do you do?

Allison: (With a hint of reverent scorn) How do you do?

Dean: (Props his leg on a chair, turns on the light in front of him, with a frightened chuckle). This is somewhat embarrassing. (The two men look at him). Bill, Professor Allison is the gentleman I was just telling you about. (Bill stands quickly, he doesn't take his eyes from the dean).

Allison: (With a smile through his thin lips) I

hope I'm not intruding. You told me Tuesday morning, Dean Fry.

Bill: Humphrey . . . (Pause) I'll go now.

Allison: Just a minute, professor. I think there are still some things to be said.

Bill: I don't know what, but you can try saying them.

Allison: (Looking towards the dean, smiling and then looking back toward Bill as he speaks) Well, I thought you would get me settled here. Introduce me to your course. This has all taken me by surprise; I haven't had time to look into it.

Bill: Oh, you wouldn't want me to do that, Allison. My course is of another age. It doesn't belong to today's America.

Dean: You're condemning yourself, Bill. I told you these are changing times, we must adapt ourselves . . .

Bill: Might you tell me, Humphrey, what I'm to adapt myself to?

Dean: Oh, Christ! (Sits at his desk, facing a side wall).

Allison: (Pinch hitting) Teaching, like anything else, can get into a rut, professor. Each age has a different way of teaching. I haven't been teaching long, of course, but I know how things stand today. I know the things that can't be said. I know the way the emphasis must be changed. I'm not a pessimist, but we're going through black times, and we need to be careful.

Bill: What must we be careful of, professor?

Allison: Careful that we keep up with the things around us.

Bill: What things, damn it?

Allison: (Smiles and sits. Bill is the only one standing. His back nearly full to the front.) Oh, now professor, you know as well as I do. There are certain things you just can't say. The history you teach has to be molded to the times.

Bill: What's happening today doesn't change what's gone on in the past, Allison. If the Virgin Mary came back and had twins, they'd still be Jesus' brothers, even if he had suddenly become public Enemy No. 1. That's the way I've taught here, one hell of a long time. And that's the only way of teaching. (Pause, smiling) And come to think of it, that boy who went

home with those "bad ideas" is the best compliment I could have on my teaching.

Allison: I don't see what you mean, Professor Hall. I don't think it's a good thing for a student to get wrong ideas about anything.

Bill: Remember this, Allison, ideas are never wrong. It's just one idea without another that's wrong; and if you get all the ideas you can together, none of them will be wrong or bad. In history, Allison, or in anything else. You only get in trouble if you have half a picture. I don't know who taught you or if you're just scared like the rest of them, but that boy who went home with what he thought he had found is much better off than you are, and he'd probably make a better teacher now than you ever will.

Dean: You're going off the deep end, aren't you, Bill?

Bill: Maybe so, but my head's still above water. You won't have a school here, you'll have a youth league, for young party members.

Allison: There's no use fighting about it.

Bill: No, I guess not, you're a dead cell, Allison. I won't fight with you. You're twice as old as I am, and you're blind.

Dean: I don't want you to go away like this, Bill. There's no need for it.

Bill: I'm just going. You know, Humphrey, you'll have to do this dirty work again. Pretty soon they'll hand out directives—they'll tell everyone what to say in their classes. You'll have a bunch of mechanical men around here. Before that happens, you'll have to get rid of everybody like me. It may happen to you too, Allison, you may get a thought one day. But you'd better learn now never to tell anyone.

Allison: Is it all that drastic?

Bill: Well, if teaching men to think like cattle is.

Allison: Oh, come on.

Bill: All of a sudden, I haven't any terms to talk to you people with. This is an ugly room and I'm glad I'm leaving.

* * * * *

The scene is a living room. It is night. Men and women are seated on the chairs, some of them holding coffee cups. This whole scene is filled with movement. The men stand up, sit down. The women take little sips from their cups, one after another. But as the scene progresses, it will become a single movement.

The men will stand alike and huddle close together, and the women will take sips from their coffee cups, all together. As the curtain rises, the people are talking in loud stage whispers, but one cannot make out what they say. In the center of the stage, seated at the end of the sofa, is an elderly woman dressed in black.

Woman: I went over to say goodbye to him today. I told him how we all felt. He was very nice and jolly about the whole thing. No sour grapes.

Another woman: I still haven't heard the whole story, Natalie. Ralph asked Fry, but couldn't get an answer out of him.

Ralph: (From behind the chair in which his wife sits) I saw him today coming out of his office. He was with Allison, this new bird. Seems like a pretty competent fellow. I actually didn't know he was Hall's replacement until Fry told me. I don't suppose I should have said anything then, anyway.

Natalie: Well, some parent complained to the board of directors about the way Hall was teaching. They didn't even stop to talk to him about it. Just went right ahead and got a new man. I can remember when this sort of thing started. All those committees that had everybody talking.

Another man: Yes, we didn't think there was much danger then. But Hall getting the boot just like this. It's getting to be a pretty serious thing. It could have happened to any of us.

Natalie: That's the whole truth. There was nothing radical about Hall, but it'll teach us to watch our step. I tell you this. I saw all this coming. Do you remember back in the war we used to have those fund raising drives. You remember we used to make those little dolls and sell them all over the state, and the ash trays with the flags on them. Well, I found some lying around the house two months ago. Well, I just took them outside and broke them in the garbage can. I could just see some of those damn fool officials come snooping around. You've just got to be careful today.

The men and women nod to a chorus of "That's right." As Natalie finishes speaking, all the men stand and the women drink their coffee.

A woman: People like Hall haven't the sense to see what's happening in the country. They go plunging on—it's actually his own fault.

A man: I have no sympathy for him.

Another man: That's right.

(Continued on Page 34)

Illustrations:

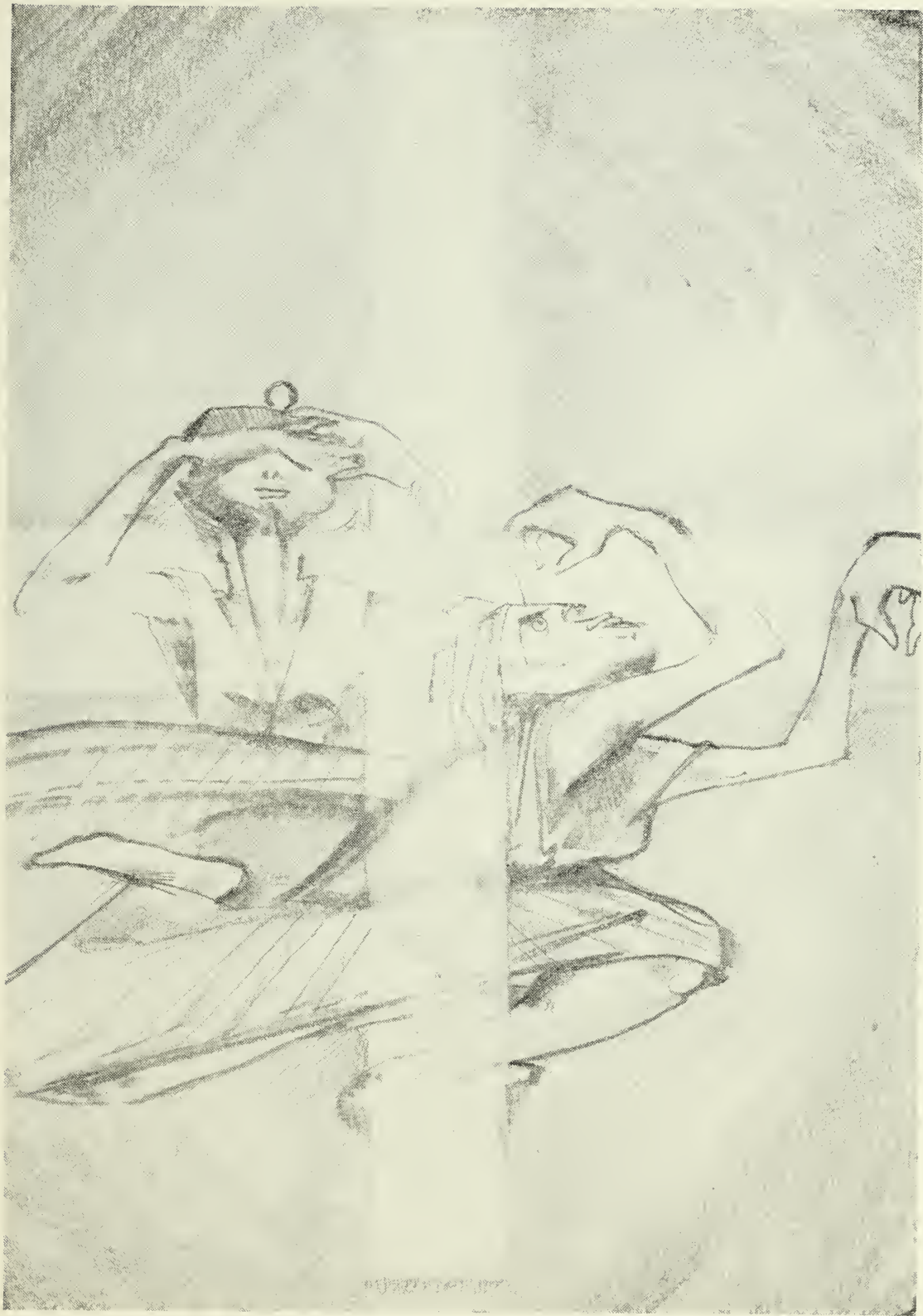
The Brothers Karamazov

. . . These are illustrations for Fedor Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*, one of the literary monuments of the nineteenth century—Russia's golden age of literature.

A contemporary of Tolstoy, Chekov, Gogol, and Turgenev, Dostoevski produced from a uniquely tortured mind those novels, *The Idiot*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*, which have justly earned for him the most maligned of titles—great.

The artist is Carolyn Cather.

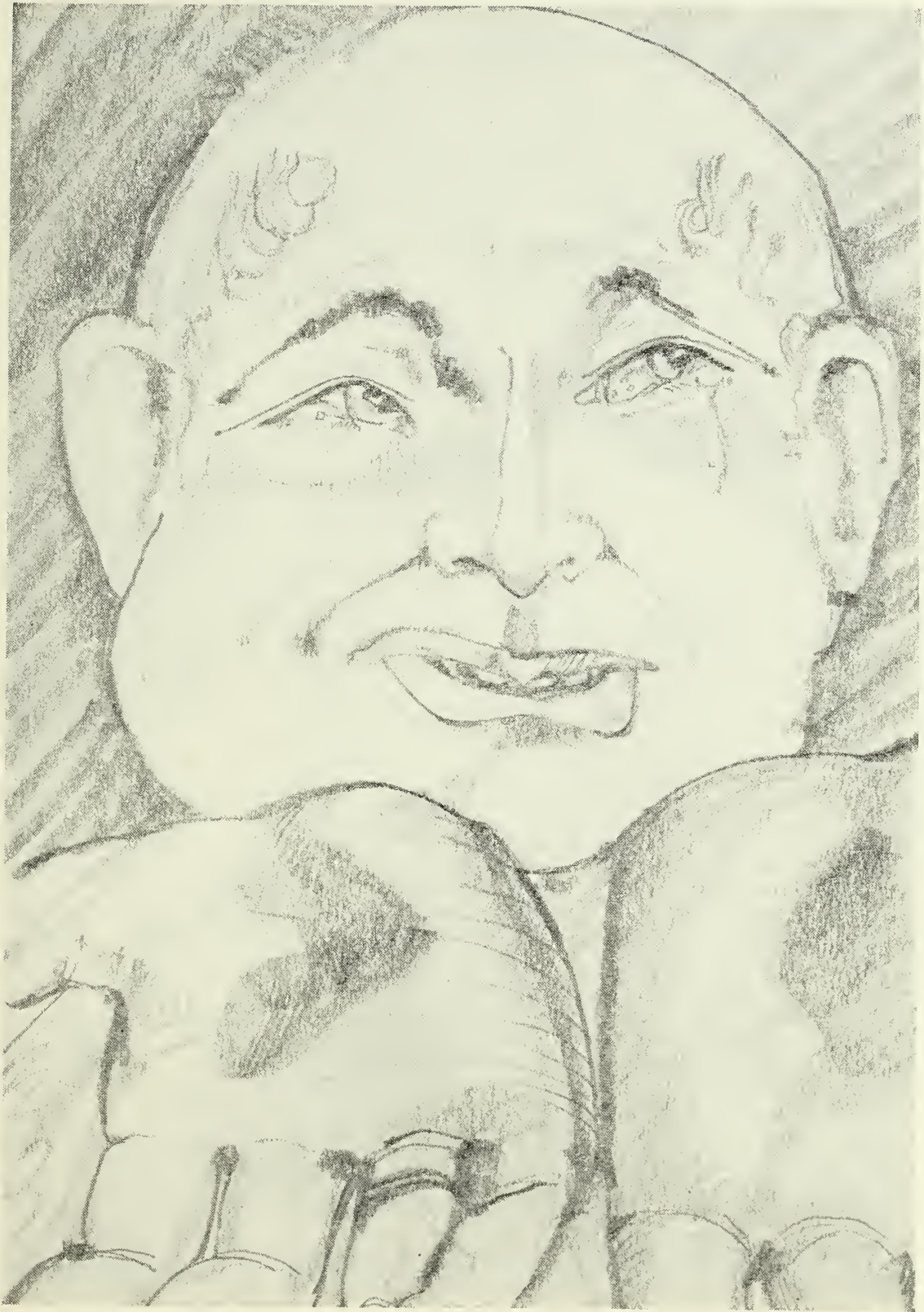
I do not know how it may be now, but in my childhood I often happened to see and hear these “possessed” women in the villages and monasteries. They used to be brought to mass; they would squeal and bark like a dog so that they were heard all over the church. But when the sacrament was carried in and they were led up to it, at once the “possession” ceased, and the sick women were always soothed for a time.



“Be silent!” cried Dmitri . . . “Don’t dare in my presence to asperse the good name of an honourable girl! That you should utter a word about her is an outrage, and I won’t permit it!”

He was breathless.

“Mitya! Mitya!” cried Fyodar Pavlovitch hysterically, squeezing out a tear. “And is your father’s blessing nothing to you? If I curse you, what then?”



. . . A well-to-do merchant's widow named Kondratyev arranged to take her into her house at the end of April, meaning not to let her go out until after the confinement. They kept a constant watch over her, but in spite of their vigilance she escaped on the very last day, and made her way into Fyodar Pavlovitch's garden. How, in her condition, she managed to climb over the high, strong fence remained a mystery. . . .



"... Now we've a treat for you, in your own line, too. It'll make you laugh. Balaam's ass has begun talking to us here—and how he talks! How he talks!"

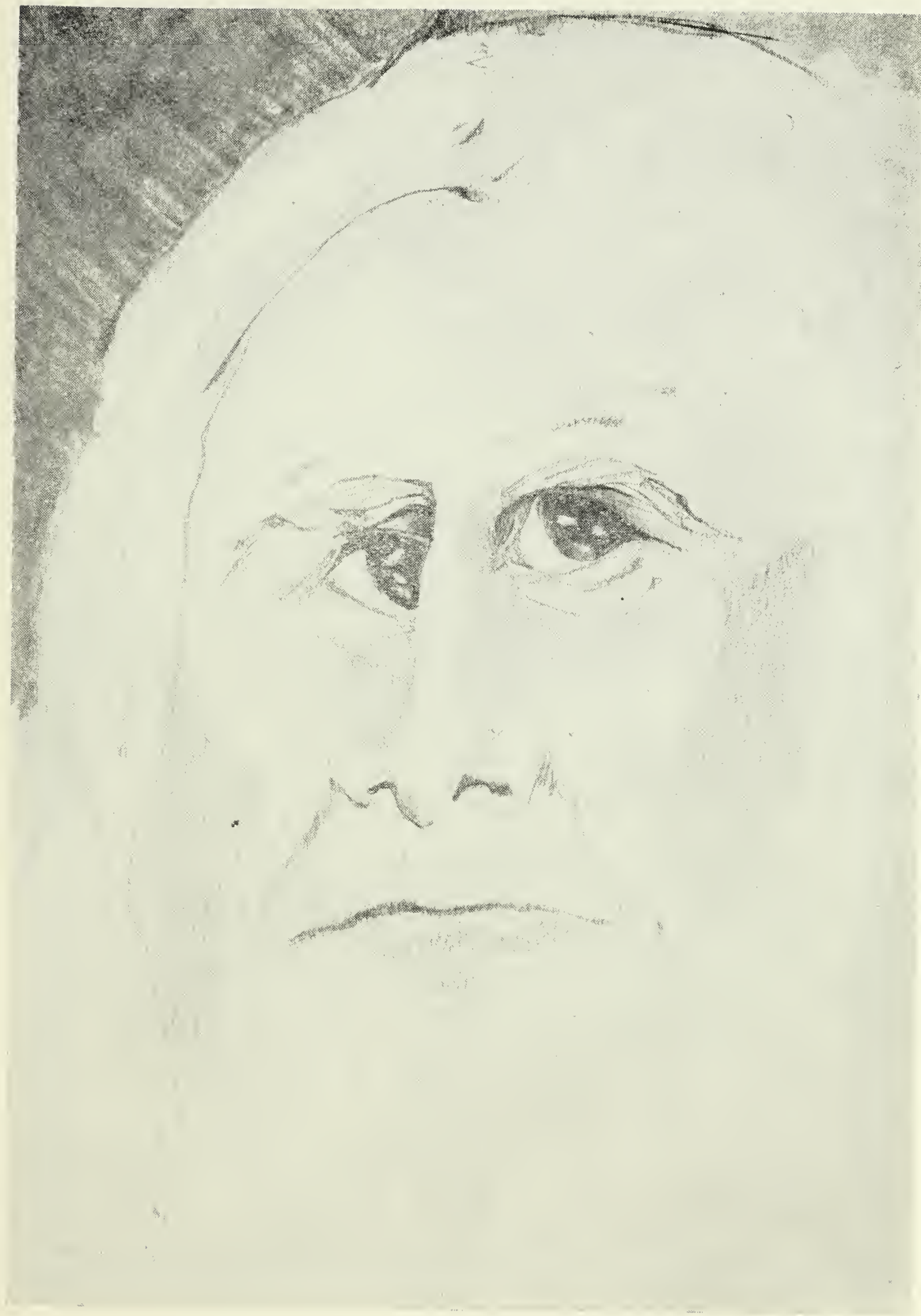
Balaam's ass, it appeared, was the valet, Smerdyakov. He was a young man of about four and twenty, remarkably unsociable and taciturn. Not that he was shy or bashful. On the contrary, he was conceited and seemed to despise everybody.

But we must pause to say a few words about him now. . . .

. . . Fyodor Pavlovitch . . . determined to make him his cook, and sent him to Moscow to be trained. He spent some years there and came back remarkably changed in appearance. He looked extraordinarily old for his age. His face had grown wrinkled, yellow and strangely emasculate. . . . On the other hand, he came back to us from Moscow well dressed, in a clean coat and clean linen. He turned out a first-rate cook. Fyodor Pavlovitch paid him a salary, almost the whole of which Smerdyakov spent on clothes, pomade, perfumes, and such things. But he seemed to have as much contempt for the female sex as for men. . . .



. . . The Grand Inquisitor, passes by the cathedral. He is an old man, almost ninety, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinal's robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the Roman Church—at that moment he was wearing his coarse, old, monk's cassock. At a distance behind him come his gloomy assistants and slaves and the 'holy guard.' He stops at the sight of the crowd and watches it from a distance. He sees everything; he sees them set the coffin down at His feet, sees the child rise up, and his face darkens. He knits his thick grey brows and his eyes gleam with a sinister fire. He holds out his finger and bids the guards take Him. And such is his power, so completely are the people cowed into submission and trembling obedience to him, that the crowd immediately make way for the guards, and in the midst of deathlike silence they lay hands on Him and lead Him away. The crowd instantly bows down to the earth, like one man, before the old inquisitor. He blesses the people in silence and passes on. . . .



. . . In the evening, returning home in a savage and brutal humour, I flew into a rage with my orderly Afanasy, and gave him two blows in the face with all my might, so that it was covered with blood. He had not long been in my service and I had struck him before, but never with such ferocious cruelty. And, believe me, though it's forty years ago, I recall it now with shame and pain. . . .



"Don't touch me . . ." she faltered, in an imploring voice. "Don't touch me, till I'm yours. . . . I've told you I'm yours, but don't touch me . . . spare me. . . . With them here, with them close, you mustn't. He's here. It's nasty here. . . ."

"I'll obey you! I won't think of it . . . I worship you!" muttered Mitya. "Yes, it's nasty here, it's abominable."

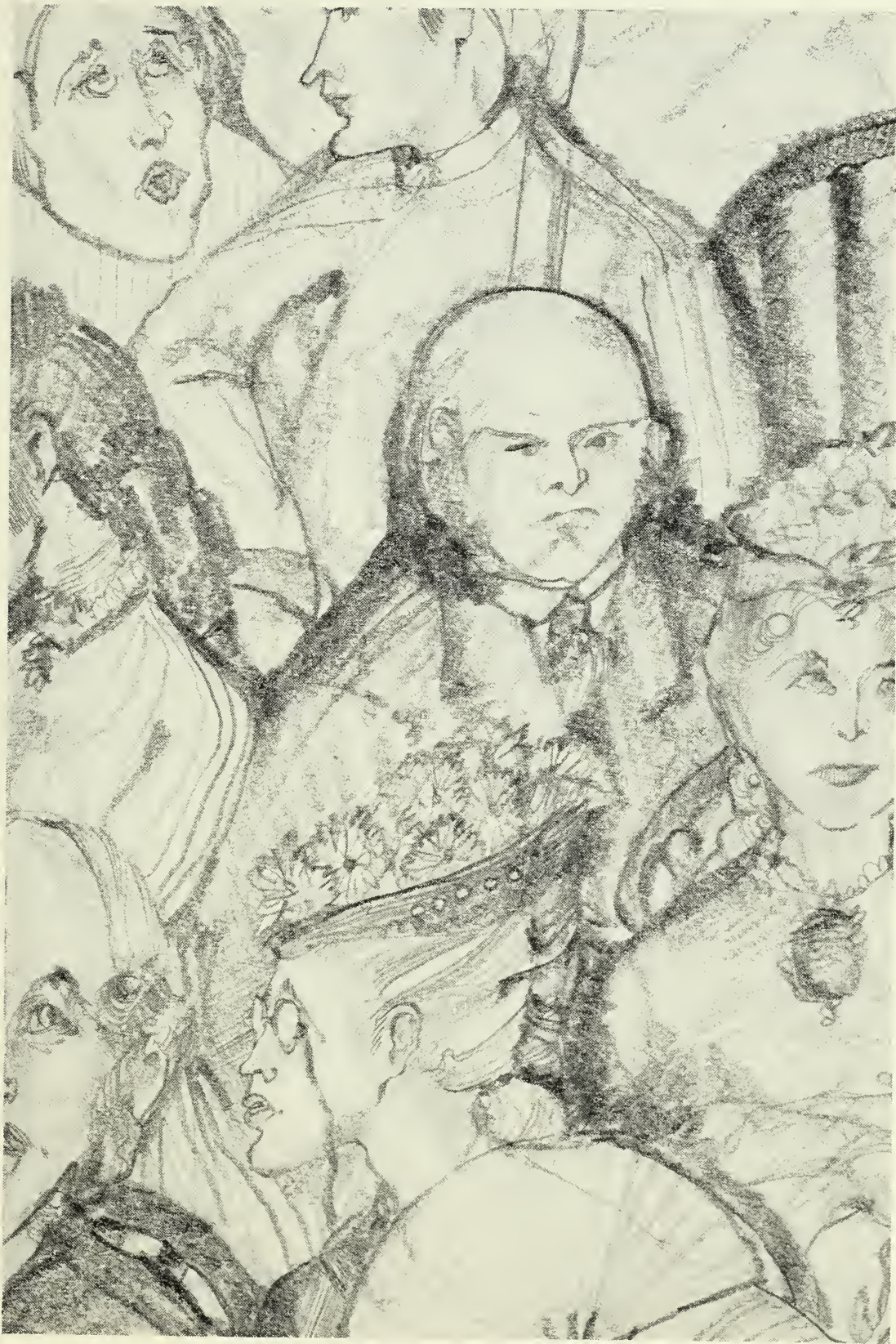
And still holding her in his arms, he sank on his knees by the bedside.

"I know, though you're a brute, you're generous," Grushenka articulated with difficulty. "It must be honourable . . . it shall be honourable for the future . . . and let us be honest, let us be good, not brutes, but good . . . take me away, take me far away, do you hear? I don't want it to be here, but far, far away. . . ."

"Oh, yes, yes, it must be!" said Mitya, pressing her in his arms. "I'll take you and we'll fly away. . . . Oh, I'd give my whole life for one year only. . . ."



The Visitors in the Gallery at the Trial of Mitya.



*Two Poems Dedicated
to the Idea That Some
Poets Write in Their
Sleep.*

TO AN ELECTRICAL ENGI-
NEER COMING HOME (OR AN
INCIDENT SEEN ON A SIDE-
STREET OF PATERSON).

The BIG sour Bull
Washed its paws
In a wa
 t
 er
 f
 a
 ll
 opped p n d w
Then h u a d o n
Until they were dry.

TO GEORGE V

When Love was young
And winsome
Under the aspen boughs
He turned to May
To sin some
But she was sketching cows.

—John Doebler

The Grape Beneath

PROVIDENCE is an ugly city, especially at night, and this night the rain beat hard on the hilly streets, leaving them bald and shiny and slick. A girl with an overnight bag came down the wide steps of the Providence Railroad Station and stood on the street corner waiting for a cab. She got a handkerchief out of her coat pocket. "Taxi . . . taxi." A cab pulled over to the curb, sloshing water on the girl's suitcase.

"Mount Hamilton Prep School, driver."

The girl settled back in the darkness and rested the suitcase on her knees. She looked out of the misty window. In the dark the rain seemed to have complete control over the city. A constant pounding. It was summing up Providence and handing it to her there in the taxi. Since she had come to Mount Hamilton in the fall, Kyle felt she and the rain had something alike between them . . .

She had come to Providence for the first time last September. It had rained in the city very little during the summer, and particularly in the late summer the streets of the city were hot and dusty and the weather was humid, but it didn't rain. Kyle had graduated from high school a year before that. Then, deciding she wanted to go to college and not being able to get the money from home, she worked for that year as a waitress in a small hotel outside of Dallas. She applied at Mount Hamilton, not knowing anything about it, but because a friend of hers had gone there. The school wrote back saying that they didn't usually take "older girls for post graduate study," but Kyle got accepted by the middle

of the summer. In early September she saw Providence for the first time. It had been cloudy all day, *the Providence Post Journal* said, and when Kyle got off the train in early evening the rain had started. It pounded on the streets as she rode through Providence to her new school. And new life. She felt opened up and in control. She knew what the world would say to her and she knew what she would say to answer it . . .

Kyle opened the window as the cab drove up a long, steep hill and came to a stop at the top of it. The entrance to the school was set back from the street. A narrow pathway led in, lined by thick, high bushes. The driver started to get out of the cab.

"No, don't bother, thanks. I can manage all right." The girl took her suitcase, sheltered under her arm, and wedged her way along the narrow path towards the lighted porch. The scrape of the branches on her coat made a cracked, slapping sound. She stepped up on the porch and brushed herself off before she rang the bell. The chimes sounded twice and immediately she heard the footsteps of someone coming down the hall. Mrs. Wood, the principal, opened the door.

"Why hello, Kyle, dear. Come in. Was Santa good to you way down in Texas? Let me help you with your suitcase. Miss Yeoman called the railroad station when you didn't arrive at four. My, we all get so worried when the weather is so frightful and our girls have to travel! Nancy came back about two-thirty, and has been down here three or four times waiting for you. She says she had a lovely Christmas."

"I did too, Mrs. Wood. I think I'd like to go up now. It was hard traveling. Good night." Kyle signed her pink card saying that she had gotten back safely. It's great being back, she thought. Damn.

The room was dark when Kyle opened the door to Nancy's and her room. Nancy was lying on her bed at the far side of the room smoking a cigarette, and the red circle of light dimmed and brightened as it stared at the opened door. "Hi, Nance. Did you have a nice vacation?" Nancy didn't answer, and she kept her head turned away from the door. "Can I turn the light on? I can't see anything. . . ." Kyle stood at the door a minute before she came in and closed it. She went over to Nancy's bed, dropping the suitcase on her own bed nearer the door. Kyle touched Nancy's face. She was crying. "What's the matter, Nancy? Aren't you glad to see me . . . I missed you." Nancy turned towards Kyle. The bed squeaked under her.

"Why didn't you come back at four?" She spoke very softly and in a low, choked voice.

"Nancy . . ." Kyle took a cigarette out of her pocket and lit it. She picked the ash tray up off the floor. "God, Nancy, the train was late and I couldn't find my suitcase at the baggage office. Is that why you're crying? . . . Nancy? Look, when I said we could go into Providence for a while when we got back this afternoon I didn't know my trains would be held up." Nancy turned her face into the pillow and cried again. Kyle sat on the bed and looked out the window. She had her hand on Nancy's shoulder. It was

(Continued on Page 38)

Sacrament

And this is symbol to a few.
To drink the blood that Romans slew.
To bathe them in bright, holy red
Of humble Jew whom they call dead.

And not to see the veiled face,
To drown it in their cup of grace.
To mimic word with drifting mind,
To know this bread, to drink this wine.

Reynolds Price

Katharsis

For H.G.S.

Today is figment of quiet irony
When down the spirals of our time
And up the indecisive streets of memory
Fly broken beggars of hope, whores of mercy.

What cried the constellations of our hours?
What chanted streams of vivid hope?
In what song the ancient phoenix rose
To burst not flame but dust?

The resolution of a broken glass
From grovel splinters gathers light,
Grasp life in thousand suns
To rise and seek Emmaus.

Fred Pennington

Sonnet

O, think it not so strange that I should love you.
As tulips bow their proud heads to the wind
Whose hard caresses twist the leaves above you,
So I accept your touch, and so I bend.
But careless am I of your hand's caress,
For be it rough or gentle, down or whip,
It cannot hurt me now, nor more, nor less,
Than can the honey of your Cupid's lips.
I draw my petal-armor more secure,
Suffer your kiss, although your love's not there;
For I've deceived you, being so demure,
That you may think I care not if you care.
And so I bow my tulip-head before you,
But think it not so strange I should adore you.

—Janet Ray

An Eye to the Unborn

(Continued from Page 13)

Another man: Those people are actually dangerous to us, too. I'm glad they found out about Hall, before it got to us and we had to do something about it.

Chorus: That's right.

Another man: We can't be too careful, even with our associates. (As he says this, the lights fade nearly to darkness and the people on stage whisper hoarsely, "That's right")

* * * * *

The scene is a street. The time is the *future*. The stage is bare. As the curtain rises there is no one on stage. But great shouts and noises as if from a mob can be heard offstage. From one side of the stage, two men walk quickly on. From the other, men and women and policemen rush on. They run into each other, and stop and look about.

A man: Christ, it happened all so quickly.

Another man: Somebody yelled his name and it caught like fire.

An old woman: Who is he?

Another man: John Peters. That Hollywood actor they've been investigating.

Another man: Well, that's no reason to mob him.

A woman: Hell, yes, he's as good as a traitor.

Another man: That's right, we should get rid of those people.

Another woman: I caught him in the back with my shoe.

Another man: He'll never act again.

Another man: Did you see the blood all over the seat of the car?

Another man: Yeh, I got some of the bastard's blood on me!

Another man: I didn't know what was happening. I just followed the crowd. I guess that son-of-a-bitch got what he deserved!

Another man: Those committees don't do any good. They should leave those guys to us. Rough 'em up a bit, and knock some right into 'em!

Policeman: I got him across the ear with my stick.

People: Oooh, that's right!

Policeman: But you all better go home now. (He moves in through them, sectioning them off with his stick, like cattle) It's all over folks. Go on home, folks. (People move off stage right and left, bumping into each other as they walk. The lights fade on the policeman, who stands facing front, holding his stick in both hands in front of him.)

* * * * *

The scene is a courtroom. The judges stand, facing front. There are five of them. They are all dressed in dark yellow robes. They wear hoods with the front cut out in a circle for their faces. Right stage is a jury box. The jurors are standing. There are two tables facing the judges with three men at each table. The men are standing with their backs to the front. There is a man in the witness box to the left of the judges. As the curtain rises he is the only one who moves at all on the stage. The scene stays as is for a few moments, then the middle judge sits and everybody sits after him. A man who is the prosecuting attorney walks over to the witness box from one of the tables. The time is the *very future*.

Attorney: State your name. (All that the attorney says, unless otherwise directed, is with his back to the witness box, and in a monotone).

Man: Seth Barnn.

Judge: Seth Barnn.

Attorney: How do you spell that?

Barnn: B-a-r-n-n

Attorney: The whole name.

Barnn: S-e-t-h B-a-r-n-n.

Attorney: How old are you?

Barnn: Thirty-two.

Judge (turning to another judge beside him): Thirty-two?

Other judge: That's right.

Attorney: Where do you work?

Barnn: I used to work for the *New Nation* Magazine.

Attorney: Where do you work now?

Barnn: I just stopped working there last week.

Attorney: Oh, yes, that's right. Would you tell the court why you were fired from you job?

Barnn: Mr. Woolen fired me.

Attorney: (Talks with head lowered and exaggerated monotone) Mr. Woolen is the editor of that magazine, is that correct?

Barnn: Yes.

Defense attorney (Stands from table): Your honor, this line of questioning . . .

Attorney: (Goes right on talking, lawyer sits down) Why did Mr. Woolen fire you?

Barnn: I think it was because of things I had written and was writing and because he felt that I would continue to write them.

Attorney: What were those things?

Barnn: Well, I've written a whole lot. What field would you like me to start in with?

Defense Attorney: Your honor, I don't see how . . .

Attorney: (In same monotone) Your honor, if my colleague would be quiet for a minute, we could get this over with and go home.

Judge: That's right.

Jurors: Oh, yes, that's right.

Attorney: Isn't it true that you wrote articles about the government?

Barnn: Among other things, yes.

Attorney: What did you say about the government?

Barnn: When?

Attorney: When you wrote.

Barnn: I said whatever I felt was worth saying.

Attorney: Isn't it true you wrote against laws and bills the government had passed?

Barnn: Some laws and bills that I thought were bad, yes.

Attorney: Isn't it true that you wrote against this committee? (He points to judges and prosecuting table).

Barnn: I wrote an article criticizing this committee on some of its actions.

Attorney: Isn't it true that you wrote against the committee's decision to imprison John Peters?

Barnn: Yes.

Attorney: Didn't you know that the committee had decided to imprison him?

Barnn: Yes, I just told you . . .

Attorney: And you wrote against the committee's decision?

Barnn: Yes.

Attorney: Didn't you know that John Peters is an enemy of the people? A traitor to the country? A danger to Americans? A notorious . . .

Barnn: (With caution) No, I didn't know.

Attorney: And you defended him?

Barnn: Yes, I did.

Attorney: You're an enemy of the people too. You're a traitor . . .

Defense Attorney: (Rising, smiles) Your Honor, I don't see how this has any bearing on the case. I would appreciate it if the prosecutor didn't . . .

Judges: (Together) It has bearing.

Attorney: That's all. Call Mr. Woolen.
(Clerk says, "Mr. Woolen to the witness box").

Clerk: Do you swear to tell the whole, nothing but the whole, so help you, My Country 'Tis of Thee, Our Land of Liberty?

Woolen: I do.

Prosecuting Attorney: Do you know the accused?

Woolen: I do.

Attorney: Did you fire him?

Woolen: I did.

Attorney: Why did you fire him? (All this in a monotone).

Woolen: (Shifts about and smiles) Well, you see sir, there was some talk in the office and Mr. Mealey, the judge here (Turns to the judge and nods) called me up . . .

Judges: That has no bearing.

Attorney: Isn't it true that the accused is a menace to your magazine, for the people?

Woolen: Well . . .

Attorney: Isn't it true that the accused is a traitor to the government, of the people?

Woolen: Well, well . . .

Attorney: Isn't it true that the accused is a danger

and a menace and a traitor to the country by the people?

Woolen: Well, well, well, no . . .

Attorney: Now, Mr. Woolen, do you know John Peters?

Woolen: I've heard of him.

Attorney: Now, Mr. Woolen, do you know that the committee here imprisoned John Peters?

Woolen: Well, yes, I heard.

Attorney: Now, Mr. Woolen, do you know that the committee said that John Peters is an enemy of the people, a traitor to the country and a danger to Americans?

Woolen: Yes, sir.

Judges: That has bearing.

Attorney: Now, Mr. Woolen, isn't it true that the accused criticized the committee's decision on John Peters?

Woolen: Yes, he wrote an article in last week's . . .

Attorney: Now, Mr. Woolen, isn't it true that the accused is an enemy of the people, a danger . . .

Jurors: (In a shout) That's right!

Judges: (In a shout) Oh, that has bearing!

Attorney: Now Mr. Woolen . . . isn't it true, Mr. Woolen . . .

Woolen: That's right.

Attorney: That's all. (Woolen steps down and leaves quickly stage left). Your witness.

Defense Attorney: No questions.

Everybody: (With a sigh). Now, that has bearing.

Judges: (To defense attorney) Your summation.

Defense attorney: (Stands, smiling to the jurors). Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. This has been a long day and we must all hurry and go home. But the prosecutor has not proved his case against the accused. I am sure that the accused is for the committee, by the committee, and of . . . the . . . committee.

Judges: Now, Mr. Defense Attorney. Now, now, now, now.

Defense Attorney: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury.

Judges: Now, Mr. Defense Attorney.

Defense Attorney: (Speaks quickly and then sits down). That's right.

Judges: Your summation, Mr. Prosecutor.

Attorney: It has been proved here that the accused is an enemy of the people. (He finishes off in a whisper).

Judges: That indeed has bearing.

Middle Judge: We are ready for the sentence.

Attorney: (Turns to judges) That's all.

Clerk: Call the accused.

Assistant Clerk: The accused.

First Clerk: Will you swear to take your sentence like a man, for a man, and by a man?

Barnn: (Shouts, pushing him away). What the hell are you talking about?

Judges and Jurors: Now, now, now, now . . .

Barnn: You're all dead cells.

Judges: That has no bearing. We are condemning you never to write again. And we are taking away the portions of goods that are not due unto you. You will have no bank account, you will have no house, you will have no car, you will have nothing. We speak with the voices of . . .

Jurors: That's all.

Attorney: (With a sigh and a monotone). That's all.

Judges: Yes, indeed, that's all.

Barnn: (Shouting) You're all dead. To hell with your decision.

Judges: (Leaving stage right and left, as they walk) That has no bearing. (Blackout.)

* * * * *

Scene is the living room of Seth Barnn's apartment. The stage is bathed in yellow light. A woman stands in the middle of the stage. She is hunched over slightly, her head forward and looking around. The time is the end of the *very future*. The time is *future chaos*. Barnn enters.

Barnn: What were they doing here?

Woman: They came to see what you had in your apartment.

Barnn: Your apartment?
Yours too, Sylvia.

Sylvia: (Turns around. She crouches over more and more as the scene progresses). Your apartment.

Barnn: What did they find?

Sylvia: They asked me if you had any money here.

Barnn: (Pause) Oh. (Long Pause) What did you tell them?

Sylvia: They told me you weren't allowed to have any money.

Barnn: (Shouts) Sylvia, what did you tell them?

Sylvia: They told me the judges had said . . .

Barnn: What did you . . .

Sylvia: I showed them where the safe was.

Barnn: (Grabs her by both shoulders and shrieks) Sylvia!

Sylvia: (Very quickly) I was scared, Seth. I was scared! They were policemen, they had guns. It's your . . .

Barnn: Did they take all the money? (Pause and slowly) Sylvia, did you give them all the money?

Sylvia: They told me the judges . . . it's not my money, Seth, it's your money.

Barnn: Did they get all the money? (Sylvia doesn't answer.)

Sylvia: I'm leaving Seth. I'm taking the children. I'm not staying with you. They said you were a criminal. I'm not going to have it happen to me or my children.

Barnn: (Stands up, looks about wildly). My children too, damn it! What did you do with them, where are they?

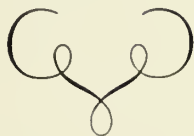
Sylvia: The policemen took them for me. They're coming back for the rest of my things.

Barnn: Oh, God, Sylvia!

Sylvia: (Shouting, the yellow light twice as intense as when the scene started) It's not my fight. I won't have my life ruined! You're an enemy . . .

Barnn: Get out, get out, but you'll not get my children! (He rushes towards her. Just as he does so two policemen enter stage left and flank her. They raise their sticks against Barnn as there is a black-out and

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The Grape Beneath

(Continued from Page 31)

still raining hard, but the rain didn't sound clear and sharp as it did when it pounded on the black streets. It hit the roof of the school and slid off and was absorbed in the thick bushes lining the walk and the soft dirt dotted with clumps of dead grass. It sunk below everything.

Nancy turned her face back and was looking at Kyle in the dark. Kyle took her hand off Nancy's shoulder and lit a cigarette for her. Then she turned the bed lamp on. Nancy's green eyes were bloodshot but she had stopped crying.

"What are you thinking about, Kyle?"

"Nothing in particular. Bet you had a nice time in New York, didn't you?"

"Not particularly. I hate New York."

"Nancy, what's the matter? I thought you'd gotten out of these moods before we went home for vacation. If you'd say something—tell me, instead of always sitting and brooding over things. I don't like guessing games. Come on, Nancy, what is it? Something to do with anything that happened over vacation?"

"No." She had tears in her eyes again.

"Nancy, what is it. I can't get down on my knees." Nancy didn't look at Kyle. She followed her finger around the border of the chintz bedspread. In her night gown she looked like a little girl who was trying to act old. She looked at the cigarette Kyle was smoking and followed its smoke up and out the window.

"Let's go to bed, Kyle. I'm awfully tired."

"O. K., Nancy. I'm sorry you're not happy." What a stupid thing to say, Kyle thought as soon as she had said it. She got undressed quickly and cleared off her bed. She opened the window wider and pulled the shade up all the way and then got

in bed. Nancy turned off the light.

"Nancy, are you sad about David, still?"

"I'm not sad."

"Night, Nancy."

The girls didn't say any more to each other. Kyle lay awake in the bed a long while. Nancy tossed but went to sleep finally. The hall was quiet, because none of the seniors except Nancy had come back yet. Their room was quiet but for the ticking of the alarm clock on the table between their beds, and the dripping of the rain off the trees into the bushes. Kyle lit a cigarette and threw the match on the floor.

How different Providence had seemed when she had come for the first time this fall, and when she had looked out at it from the taxi tonight. How it had been raining both times . . . Independence is still a grand thing. . . . The first few weeks at school — independence, "and a mind with serious intent": the words Kyle had quoted from a novel to her mother in her first letter. "Some day—after college, of course, your daughter a writer. . . ." It was a joke naturally . . . how nice. How unrealistic.

It took a long time to know Nancy. She had met a boy from Brown, David, whom she liked very much. One of Nancy's friends had told Kyle that she was secretly pinned to him, although she had known him just since the summer. In the afternoons she used to say that she was going down town with the other seniors, and then she would meet David and stay with him until the five-thirty bus came, then go back with the girls. No one ever said anything because they liked Nancy so much. David transferred after Nancy had been back at school about three weeks and he never told her why, or even that he was going to leave. Kyle felt sorry for Nancy, but she didn't think she could do anything because they hadn't seen much of each other the first month of school and it would

have been awkward. Nancy never said anything about it until later.

When David had been gone about two weeks Nancy cheered up. Nancy and Kyle still didn't see each other much except at night and in the mornings, but Kyle started making Nancy's bed for her every morning before breakfast. Nancy had never made it until after breakfast was over. It was a nice gesture, because they felt uneasy when they were with each other and they didn't know why. The difference in ages had something to do with it. Also the experience. Kyle had had jobs of all sorts and had worked with different kinds of people. Nancy had never worked and she had never known hard and dishonest people. Kyle had never known Nancy liked to write until one night she was looking for an eraser in Nancy's desk drawer and found a whole notebook full of her poetry. She glanced through it, and the one or two she read were beautiful and sensitive. Kyle had asked Nancy about it that night, in a casual way, and Nancy had gotten very embarrassed. "Everyone likes to escape," she had said. Kyle had never known that Nancy wanted to escape from anything, except maybe from the thought of David. That night before they went to bed Kyle had shown Nancy a short story she had written about a boy who worked with her in the restaurant. All she had said when she finished reading it was "You have a lot to say, Kyle." They became close after that and learned about each other through their writing. It was a wonderful way to begin to understand someone—through something they have created. Nancy had told Kyle about David because she said she had to. She said she wondered how she ever could have liked him, because he didn't understand and he wasn't soft and kind, and didn't like her to write poetry. "That's not true," Kyle had said. "You loved him."

Nancy became dependent on

Kyle. Kyle didn't study much any more, and when exams came just before Christmas, she didn't do well.

Nancy and Kyle had excluded the world. Kyle had thought a lot about that over vacation. . . .

She was perspiring when she put her cigarette out. A spark flew on her arm and she swore out loud. Then she said to herself in the dark: "All that is over now. It's in the past. Nancy and I are caught up in the present and, most important of all, I am caught up. It's my own, my own life. I can not lose my identity."

Kyle fell asleep soon after she put the cigarette out. The next morning Kyle tried to sound cheerful but Nancy didn't speak much.

"I'm sorry about last night, Nancy."

"It's my fault. I just can't help feeling that—never mind. Let's go to breakfast."

"Feeling what?"

"Nothing. Let's go."

Breakfast was a half an hour later than usual because there were no classes. As Kyle and Nancy walked down the stairs their steps echoed through the dim halls. Down on the first floor all the teachers stood waiting for Mrs. Wood to lead the way into the dining room. Only ten or so students who lived far from Providence had come back last night, and they were talking to the teachers. They reminded Kyle of sheep in a flock waiting for the shepherd to lead them to pasture. They all talked about their vacations until Mrs. Wood rang the bell and they marched in—Mrs. Wood, teachers, then seniors and on down. Kyle was the only graduate student Hamilton had had in seven years. Nancy and Kyle and Debbie, a sophomore, sat at a table with Miss Yeoman, the Dean of Residence.

"Did you get a lot of nice presents, Kyle?" Miss Yeoman spoke in a cheerful but tiring voice. She put down her cup of cocoa and pushed her thick glasses higher on her nose.

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Across From East Campus

She was typical of the faculty. "Why do we all look so sad? We're just back at school for a wee semester of work." She laughed in her high voice and picked up a piece of dry toast.

When breakfast was over Nancy wanted Kyle to take a walk in the woods in back of Mount Hamilton.

"No, Nancy, I want to speak with Mrs. Wood after she finishes eating. No, I'll do that afterwards. I'd like to go—very much." They got their coats and went out.

The sun was bright, spearing on the jagged rocks clumped along the path leading to the woods in back of the school building. Some of the rocks had been dug up because a girl had been hurt on them a few years before, but the bigger ones were in too deep to be removed.

"Look at the blue jay, Nancy. Over there on the rock."

"He's pretty."

"Let's sit down, Nancy. I've got something to tell you . . . I don't know how to say it so that I won't hurt you."

They sat down near where the jay had been sunning himself.

"Too bad the jay left. I like to look at him," Kyle said.

"Tell me what you're going to say, Kyle." Kyle looked down.

"Nancy—God—I'm leaving school—here—and . . .

Kyle put her hand on Nancy's. Nancy squeezed it. "Please, please don't think it's because of you. I love you. . . . We've done so much for each other, Nancy, and I would not have traded these past few months for anything on God's earth . . . I just have to get out of this place and do something. . . . It's something bigger than both of us—I can't explain it. Do you understand, Nancy?"

"Nancy, don't feel sorry for yourself now! I've changed—maybe I haven't, I don't know. I'm going to stay with my sister in New York and work for a while. You can come stay with us over spring vacation . . ."

Kyle squinted from the glare on the rocks.

Nancy said: "Let's go back now, Kyle. I want you to read a poem I wrote. It's about you."

Every Thursday

(Continued from Page 5)

it had meant—the standing tournament postponed until another day and shortcakes early if at all. Emma knew it had meant sacrifice, and she loved them for it. They seemed little things, but one without children could appreciate the value of little things, and Emma did.

"We hope you understand, Emma—we don't want you to think that we're intruding."

"Oh heavens, Clara. Of course not, silly." She made it as warm and friendly as she felt to put them at their ease, which they obviously wanted. "You know I love to see you. It's all right," she added by way of further reassurance.

"Emma," Clara was clearly not to be put off, "Emma, we hope you'll do something for us."

"Of course, Clara, what is it?"

Clara took a deep breath. "Emma, you ought to make a real effort to get out more—especially now. You've always been a little . . . well, tied down. You ought to get out and do things now." She took in Emma's little frown and hurried on. "I do understand, Emma, really I do. I remember how I felt after Tim's death, but I had the girls, and you don't. It was a great loss, but I just made myself do more things with the girls. You've never done enough outside, and now you have a chance to." She gazed genuinely sympathetic at her friend.

"Emma, we want you to come out and join us. You like to play bridge, I know, and you've always said that you wanted to."

Emma was aware that she had closed her eyes and was slipping far away from them. She was sitting by a dark window looking into a dark

street, and there was a light somewhere behind her. John had walked up and taken a strand of her golden hair and twined it around his finger.

"Look, Emma." She had half-turned to look at his finger on her shoulder with her blonde hair swept around it.

"It's so different from mine, Emma." He had meant the golden color in contrast to his own dark hair on his finger.

"I'm glad," she had said, "You see, I'm all wrapped up in it," and she laughed.

"You mean, I'm all wrapped up in you!" and he laughed too as he wound the strand up tight against her head until it hurt.

The scene faded away, and Emma had a brief struggle with herself to open her eyes, but for some reason she forgot the women in the room. Instead, she remembered herself standing barefooted in the garden, and her hands were heavy with the dark soil of the freshly-watered border. She had called to John, who was scrubbing the stones on the path, to let her wash her hands in his water. He had grinned at her instead and had turned over the warm soapy water onto her feet. Emma had felt her feet sinking deep in the slippery soil, and she looked across at John, feeling warm and secure inside.

"Emma, Emma, are you all right?" Clara's hand shook her knee as she reached across the sofa to touch her.

"Yes, of course. Of course, I'm all right." She looked up into their frightened, worried faces. They thought she was sick, physically ill. That was something they could appreciate — feeling faint, having cramps, being lame. They were worried, genuinely concerned, and for her. She smiled reassuringly at them.

"I was just thinking," and their faces lapsed into the old occasional expression of "well, that's Emma"—the expression they had when she

mentioned John's enthusiasm for Haydn, his disliking concerts, or their Thursday jaunts.

"Clara, what can I say?" She glanced about at their faces. "I do appreciate it, really I do, but I guess I'm just a creature of habit." She paused and then dropped her eyes. "I'll want you very much, and I hope you won't mind if I bother you often, but I've never had a set plan. I guess you can't teach an old dog new tricks!" She laughed a little and looked up at Clara's almost relieved expression. "Thank you very much, more than you know."

"We do understand, Emma. And, when you change your mind, just let us know. We can always get three other people, or maybe we can even play Canasta." And Clara's friends all nodded an eager agreement with her. "Well," Clara trilled uneasily, "I guess we better be getting on."

"Thank you again." Emma spoke directly to her.

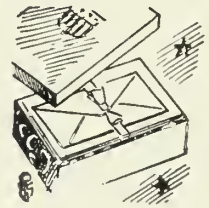
She shut the door against the dimming sun as the last of them stepped across the porch. She closed her eyes against the still-bright rays and stood at the glass until a delicate heat warmed her whole face. The house was silent and felt far behind her, as if she were supported on a slender stem into the sun.

John was saying that the border should have more flowers this year—poppies and peonies against the green junipers. Emma grasped the curtain tightly in answer.

They had been sweet, it had been kindly meant, but today was Thursday just the same. John had wanted more time, more of the red—he and Emma together.

She saw her friends going down the walk without opening her eyes. She smiled at them, hoping that they would understand, while the sun touched Emma's curtain and bathed her whole face in a purplish light.

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Shadow and Substance

(Continued from Page 7)

describes the state of pre-lapsarian man:

Their beds were on some flow'ry brink,
And clear spring-water was their drink.
The shady pine in the sun's heat
Was their cool and known retreat.

Here nature is beautiful in its own right. The sun is no longer a symbol of God but a source of uncomfortable heat. "Regeneration" provides us with a description of a quiet country lane:

It was high spring, and all the way
Primrosed and hung with shade;

Shade is once again something to be sought rather than avoided. Both passages present nature in terms of itself rather in terms of light and shadow. Vaughan is describing rather than symbolizing. But nature is also an expression of God. In "Love and Discipline", the poet asks God to give him patience in the face of his sufferings, for he realizes that God has created evil for some purpose.

Since in a land not barren still
(Because Thou dost Thy grace distil)
My lot is fallen, blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which shoke or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill!

In "Vanity of Spirit" the clouds do not hide but reveal the glory of God. "Who gave the clouds so brave a bow?" The "Cock-Crowing" and "The Bird" find God expressed in as humble a thing as an animal. But how are we to reconcile Vaughan's division of reality into black and white and his vision of God in all of nature? The key to this is, once again, found in his poetry. "I Walked the Other Day to Spend My Hour" is a poem of hope and faith. In it Vaughan relates the two antithetical ideas to be found in his work:

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Show me Thy peace
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

Here we see the vision of God in all things and, at the same time, His position as a God of Perfection above all things. God reveals himself in nature, so that we can know He is above nature, greater than nature. We find the same synthesis in "Regeneration" where

God is light at the same time He is the beauty of nature. The paradox in Vaughan is that Nature is matter and thus corrupt, but Nature is an aspect of God and thus beautiful and meaningful because it reveals God. Because the world is matter it acts as a veil for God, but because the world was created by God it reveals God. These are paradoxical statements, but Vaughan realized the existence of paradoxes and sought to reconcile them in his mystical vision. Because Nature is Vaughan's idiom, his language, he can but realize the beauties of the material universe; but because he is a Christian he can but seek the perfection of God, as opposed to the imperfection of the world. Thus we have a poet whose descriptive passages are Transcendental (unitarian) and whose symbolism is Gnostic (dualistic). But in the final analysis, Vaughan is a poet of synthesis, a poet who combines two types of mystical experience into one great vision.



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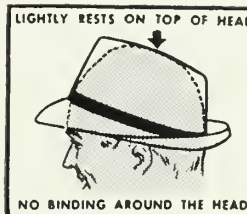
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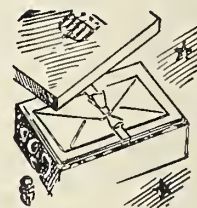
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THE ARCHIVE

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December, 1953

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Editorial—

A college campus is not the ideal place to write and write well. When a student takes five courses and belongs to as many organizations, he has very little time for writing. In addition to the papers that are required for his courses he may be able to write an occasional poem or short story, but he cannot be expected to do much more than that. Nor can he be expected to show a great deal of maturity in his work. College students do not have either the experience or the insight to be master of any form of writing. Nevertheless, we feel that there can be more writing done at Duke University, and the quality of that writing can be better.

We know that there will always be a great many students who have no desire to write anything, and that we cannot expect a large group of people to spend their spare time composing poems or essays or stories. We realize, too, that there is more writing done on this campus now than we of the *Archive* know about. Much of it is never submitted to the *Archive*, so that our viewpoint is limited. Still, if writing is worthwhile—and we feel that it is—it can be a worthwhile activity for more people than the few who are writing now. If it is worth doing, then it is worth doing well. And if it is well done, then we would like to publish it in the *Archive*, which is primarily a literary magazine for undergraduate writing.

Why is writing worthwhile? It is first of all a means of self-expression, just as painting or modeling clay or composing music are self-expression. It gives the writer's thoughts and feelings a concrete form. Even if no one but the author sees his writings, they are an expression of himself—to himself.

When it is shared with other people, writing goes beyond self-expression; and it becomes then an important way of communicating experi-

ence, ideas, feelings, beliefs. The necessity for writing in communicable form brings in turn an ordering of the writer's thoughts. A thought which cannot be communicated in words remains almost too vague to be termed a thought. Through the necessity for expressing such pseudo-thoughts clearly and reasonably the writer learns to develop and broaden them, to make them follow the patterns of logic. He teaches himself to think logically in words. At the same time he has a testing ground for his ideas. Communicating them through writing lays them open to criticism, and it shows the writer how well his ideas can stand up under such criticism. Writing is perhaps a better test for ideas than even discussion, for the writer can develop and complete his thought more than a participant in discussion.

Through writing a person discovers for himself the structure of a piece of writing, he recognizes the problems of technique which an author faces, and he can then better understand and appreciate the writings of other people. Knowing the problems, he can examine an essay, a poem, a story, and evaluate it critically in terms of how well it solved its technical problems.

Finally, writing is creation. It satisfies the creative instinct that is a basic part of all of us. It gives an integration of self, a good feeling of wholeness to the creator.

We think then that writing is worthwhile. And certainly it is like any other craft in that the better one writes, the more satisfaction he gets from doing it. Too, the better he writes, the more he can communicate with other people, the more he can order his thoughts, the better he can appreciate literature, the more perceptive he is as a critic.

To write well one doesn't have to be a professional writer. There are many students at Duke who are not planning careers as novelists or poets or critics who might yet benefit a

great deal from writing something in their spare time. We would like to see more interest in writing and we would like to see more people trying to improve their styles of writing. There are two courses in creative writing at Duke and many courses in which one may write critical papers. Such courses can be very helpful to the student interested in writing, and with their help he can go further on his own.

The *Archive* is looking for good material. We cannot call ourselves "a literary magazine published by the students of Duke University" unless we can get good writing from the students. We would like to encourage you to write more, to write better, and to submit your material to us. We think that publication in the *Archive* is worthwhile just as good writing is worthwhile. With many readers an author can get a wider range of criticism, which may help him to discover the good points that he should develop in his style and the mistakes that he should try to avoid. The *Archive* is a good starting point for the young writer who wishes to publish after college; it is a valuable asset for the people who are interested in literature and want to publish their ideas on the subject. And appearing in print gives a satisfying feeling whether or not one plans to publish again.

The material which is rejected by the *Archive* is returned to the authors with criticism, and the editors welcome any chance to talk further with them about their work. Lastly, the *Archive* staff itself, as a reading group to criticize and evaluate the submitted material, is a fine place for a young critic to begin. We welcome you as staff members or contributors. We would like to emphasize that whether you submit your material to us or not, good writing is worthwhile.

—E.M.

SLEEP

Old memory soothes me with a summer tomb
Where once I roamed the silent path to Sleep,
And sun-caught breezes found my shuttered room
To gently whisper for my thought's safe keep.
No ghostly light to shade my future dreams,
All quickness spent till I shall quickly wake,
I let the darkness disconnect my limbs
And from my loosened hand an oak leaf take.
Since many years have left their sober mark,
And mind is lolled and tossed from sign to sign,
My body rubbed by ropes of vague commands,
I seek through spectre lights the endless dark
To bear a bristly strand of ivy vine,
Which twists and curls about my forcing hands.

II

Above a spring there stands an autumn tree
In which a vine has grown its careful course;
Brocaded fast they neither can be free
Nor singly drink the flow of deepest source.
Each lacking strength in thrust to grasp the rule,
The oak and ivy have each other cursed.
Brown leaves of both now line the darkened pool,
Which mats them tight as fee for sated thirst.
No fault of theirs the oak and ivy spare
No mortal route to such remembered sleep,
Must keep their vows until a final rush
Of wind has both their withered trunks torn bare,
Pressed both together in the ebon deep,
Whose polished face the careless breezes brush.

DREAM OF LOVE

Behind my dream's dividing mirror face
You blindly pass alone and drift away,
And I, too late to grasp your quiet arm,
Retreat from wind that blows your distant hair
As graveyard darkness furls a maiden's shroud,
Descend each rung of hope to morning world
Where hope and dreams have sometimes unsure roots,
Where once our love's young heart could flex but tears.
Perhaps, if we had hoped the mud and dreamed
The dusty weed, not breathed the midnight rose
Nor floated thornless through the scented dance,
We would have spared the tears, yet drummed love
low.
I hold another hope that separate loves
Of ours will find some older roots for dreams.

—David Tornquist

Sea Gulls

by Thomas Jordan

"Where are you going, Paul?" Paul turned and looked at his wife. She straightened from her washing, and brushed the hair from her forehead with the back of her hand. "Aren't you going to hang up my wash? You said you would."

"I have to go down to the Bay," he answered. "Maybe the *Shiela D* has come in." He turned back toward the doorway and fumbled with the hook on the screen door.

"Hang up my wash first. Then I'll go with you." She pulled the plug from the zinc wash-tub and took off her apron. "I'll put on my white dress, and then we can walk down together." Paul stopped with his hand on the knob. He went over to the tubs and picked up the heavy wicker basket. He pushed the side door open with his foot and carried the bundle of wet clothes into the back yard. The June sun was hot on his back, and he stopped hanging the clothes on the line to roll up the sleeves of his shirt. When he was done, he went inside, banging the empty basket against the garbage can as he went through the door.

His wife was brushing her hair in front of the bathroom mirror. He stood in the doorway and watched the quick motions of her arms and hands. He looked at the white porcelain bathtub. "I wonder how much a tub without legs would cost," he said. She smiled at him in the mirror.

"Not so much, but first the house must be as white as the one we have." She put down the brush and faced him. "Shall I put on lipstick?"

"No, let's go naturally."

They walked down the long hill towards the water. Paul stopped to look at a large insect that was crawling up a telephone pole. "That's a bug and a half," he said, touching it with his finger. His wife bent towards the pole to see it more clearly, holding his arm.

"Maybe it's a June bug—it's June, you know." Paul touched it again.

"Too big," he said. They walked on together, taking long strides down the steep sidewalk. The young woman swung the full skirt of her new summer dress with each step.

"That's a pretty dress," Paul said. "You look very cool and pretty in it." She squeezed his arm.

"Thank you for getting it for me. You picked it out, but I would have wanted it even if you had liked the green one."

"The white is cooler in hot sun," Paul said. "On the boat I always wear white ducks. They're much cooler than khakies." They walked on in the sun. "What are we going to have for supper?"

"Well, let's see. We could buy some shrimp, and you can make the sauce."

"That would fill us up and keep you thin," Paul said. He thought of the pink shrimp swirling in boiling salt water. "You should eat the tails, Jean."

"Oh, you and your tails. I'm surprised you don't eat the heads, too." Paul laughed.

"Am I a cannibal?"

"You eat like one."

They stopped in front of a marine

hardware store and Paul examined a thick canvas fender that hung from a rope stretched across the outside of the window. "Mr. Berlin could use some of these bumpers. The cork is coming out of the ones on the boat, even though I bound up all the ends with whipping cord."

"One of these ship's lanterns would look good next to the door," his wife said, touching a brass oil lantern with her finger and letting it swing on the rope.

"You would have to keep it up," Paul said, "I have enough brass to polish."

"Yes," his wife said, "there's an awful lot of metal to keep shined on that boat." They looked at some buoys and anchors hanging from the rope.

"You have to keep after it all the time," Paul went on. "Mr. Berlin's crew varnished all the brightwork last year, but he didn't like it that way. It doesn't look the same." The proprietor came out of the store carrying a heavy outboard motor. A man wearing dark glasses followed him, and opened the trunk of a large car parked at the curb.

"Watch the finish," he said, as he watched the motor being put into the trunk of his car.

"That was a beautiful motor," Paul said as they walked on down the hill. "Imagine how the skiff would go with that on the back! That one was even bigger than the one Mr. Berlin's son has on his runabout."

"Oars are better for the skiff," his wife said. "A motor like that might sink it."

They were nearing the center of the little town that straggled up the hill from the bay, and Jean stopped to look at the mannequins in a dress shop window. She hummed and put her hands on her slim waist, swirling the skirt gently from side to side. Paul stood behind her and watched her eyes in the reflection.

"I can tell what you're looking at," he said.

"How? You're behind me." Then

she looked up and saw him in the window and laughed. "I'll bet I can tell what you look at even without watching," she said, and leaned towards the window so he could see into the neck of her dress in the reflection.

"I'm looking at a man in the store," Paul said. She jumped back with a little cry. There was no one inside the store.

sat there fishing for eels and flounders. From the end they could see around the point into the cove. A large white schooner stood out among the smaller sloops and cruisers moored in the cove.

"There's the *Shiela D.*," Paul said. "Doesn't she look fine? I feel proud to work on a boat like that. She must have come in while we were eating lunch, or I would have seen

and more on the crew," his wife said.

"Now Jean, Mr. Berlin pays me well. He told me that if I learned navigation he might hire me as captain next year. I don't know if I could do all the arithmetic, though."

"I suppose there is a lot to learn. Oh, look Paul, there are the gulls!"

"Where?" Paul asked, shielding the sun from his eyes. His wife held his arm and pointed to where a flock of sea gulls wheeled over a small fishing trawler. "Now I see them. Those are a strange lot of sea gulls; I never saw birds act the way they do."

"See," his wife pointed again, "there are still just seven. I wonder why none of the other gulls fly with them."

"Maybe they are a different kind," Paul said. "They're coming this way now." The seven gulls swung over the wharf, their small heads jerking constantly from side to side as they hung motionless on the wind.

"How can they be so graceful in the air and so clumsy on the ground, Paul?"

"They were made to fly, not to walk," Paul was still watching the gulls.

"But they can't fly all the time."

"I've heard they can fly for days—maybe these have crossed the ocean." His wife thought for a moment.

"Yes, they could swim when they got tired." Paul looked at her strangely.

"On the ocean?" he asked.

"Why not? They swim in the Bay, don't they?"

"But the ocean—," Paul stopped, suddenly not sure. "I'll have to ask Henry about that. I guess they could, if it wasn't too rough."

"Of course they could. Come on, let's row out to the schooner."

They went down on the float and Paul shoved the skiff into the water. He held it while his wife got in, and then jumped in and pushed off with an oar. She faced him in the stern, and Paul braced his feet against the

(Continued on Page 14)



—Illustration by Carolyn Cather

"You!" She threatened to punch him. "There wasn't anybody looking." Paul laughed and put his arm around her waist. She did the same, and they matched their steps together until they reached the wharf at the bottom of the hill. She pinched him and he lost step.

"Aren't you glad I came?" she said. Paul smiled.

They walked out to the end of the wharf, past the old men who always

her from the porch."

"What did Mr. Berlin have done at the shipyard, Paul, just the new engine?"

"He was going to have them put on nylon halyards, too. I told him how nylon rope swells up when it gets wet, but he had read an article somewhere. They say it's much stronger than hemp. It costs forty cents a foot."

"He should spend less on the boat

intellectualism:

toward a definition

by fred pennington

In the tortured maze of his search for the artistic expression, James Joyce exclaims his mission: "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." For him experience was the hammer and chisel with which he would delineate his own personality from the vast stores of the collective consciousness of his culture which lay within the unique and subtle intellect. For Joyce experience was vested with "reality" and with it he would set forth to define his existence. This definition, with which we are concerned in the scope of the essay, is the crux of intellectualism. The problems encountered are of the most fundamental nature: the explanation of our subject-term, existence, and the objectivity or subjectivity of the "angle of vision" or "point of view." The objectivity of comprehension is itself wrapped in mystery and is reduced to a state of intelligibility by process of an active and conscious movement of the intellect. The proper object of this comprehension is Being, and whatever attains to this comprehension is Being. We can emerge from the shadows of nothingness only when we accept this object as an infinite spring, inexhaustible in the waters of meaning, and conclude that we know only in a moderate realism that which is phenomenally objective. We thus maintain our validity through the intellect and its movement which discovers for us an existent universe. This world of objects which is presented to us becomes an intelligible objectification of a trans-objective subject. Our quest then becomes the search for the *ultimate* intelligibility of things. But if we know this existence "in a manner darkly," and yet our concept is that of phenomenally total reality, are we not led to the acceptance of a distinction between *esse* ("to exist") and *ens* ("that which is")? We must, however, part company with those who would establish an essential dichotomy between the two, for one is but the predication of the other. The reader will wonder at a digression of this kind, but the problem of the intellect could scarcely be approached without thought of its many implications, for within this rationale we may see that knowledge is the gaining of

experience and that viewed from this vantage intellectualism becomes a facet, indeed almost the essence of Art. Art, as such, consists not in imitation, but in giving existence to an intellectual pre-conception whose laws are formulated only by the nature of the thing to be placed in being. In common connotation the artist is that craftsman who defines existence in a tangible and technological medium. *Why may we not then define the intellectual as he who uses knowledge as the formulative experience with which to delineate his particularity* (to reach "being" from "to be" . . . or to reach the essence from the existence)?

The possession of idea does not necessarily, or even often, tend to the assertion of an integrity or particularity; indeed, we might use this as our term for the pseudo-intellectual. The individual must rise and adequate himself to the existence contained in these ideas according to the axiom: *veritas sequitur rerum*. It is this adequation which brings idea into an existence, and thus the genesis and nature of that which we create. This "art of intellectualism" is fraught with all the vivid passion of the material creator and its effects are paradoxically more individual and universal than all the "creata" of the material medium, for from the darkness of disorder and confusion, we intuitively grasp towards the reality of existence, the affirmation of truth and good *under the aspect of Being*. Approaching essence from existence we are freed from the domination of things, *in se*. We advance in the sensitive experience of objects and the intellect reaches knowledge of the essence ("to be") by a process of abstraction . . . a synthesis in which sense and intellect collaborate in a simultaneous act and an organic cosmos, not one of superimposition, is discovered.

Thus we find that intellectualism, this existential definition of our individuality through the intellect, the metaphysical but preeminently objective act of creation, is the answer to the drama of the "infelix homo," the anguish of the cry which is strictured from our nothingness. The art of the intellectual is hallmarked with the integrity and humility of the comprehension of his existence within the ordered cosmos of intelligibles; for him, fabrications and theses toward the "invention" of idea are of rank dishonesty. The refusal to rise to the existence contained within the idea leaves only a sterility, a sallowness which mocks the effort.

Those of courage in a cruel century will cast the fruit of their harvest to the hungering mouths of those who remain in darkness; a harvest gathered, not without anguish, but reaped in the joy of the discovery of themselves . . . the transcendence of that day when the "self subsistent Act of Existing" shall give itself to us in vision.

I don't believe it.
A flower in the wilderness.
Unheralded . . . unseen.
The storm in the night
Has killed it
And doesn't know.
I don't believe it.

—Buzz Chaney

Time is the thing that makes so much noise in my clock,
Incessantly ticking, endlessly turning,
A cold blue spring pulsating like a little heart,
Leading hammer against gear,
Making counter circles mesh
And hands mechanically round move:
So many turns per beat,
So many beats per turn.

—Rubin Battino

Should I seek it not,
I would find it at my door,
Knocking, waiting for entrance.
And still I seek in vain pursuit
To fall in love, to compromise myself.
Oft have I been bitten
And left to lick my wounds
By opening my heart too soon.
I have suffered pain but try again,
Knowing that the pain itself,
Is as much of life as the love it follows.
To avoid love for fear of pain
Is to avoid life for fear of death
. . . And die we must.

—Rubin Battino

Imagery and Symbolism in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Most of Joyce's symbolism has to be given associative or supporting, rather than "meaning" value, for in few cases is one sure to be able to make a propositional statement, "x means y." The imagery and symbolism is seldom static, words take on different significance with repetition, the line between symbol and metaphor is often difficult to define, and there is a heavy interaction between sets of images and symbols. If the *Portrait* may not be said to have one unifying symbolic structure, it remains clear that the mere focus on consciousness, resulting in associative repetitions in Stephen's mind, Joyce's and Stephen's common idea that language possesses a real power of its own, and the repetition of linguistic symbols, all tend to make symbolism play a more important structural role than in the works of most of his precursors in the English novel. Action in the sense of plot paralleled consistently by the use of symbolic characters was, before Joyce, the most advanced way of achieving complexity and unity. Without these things, Joyce is forced to rely on individual words and their interactions to support the major structural unifiers provided by the stylistic development which parallels Stephen's growth toward maturity, and the parallel psychological action patterns of each chapter.

On the level of imagery alone, discounting symbolic extensions momentarily, Joyce has made definite progressions in the field of the novel. The first page of the book contains the reactions of all five senses, and introduces the predominantly sensory

imagery that characterizes the whole first section of the novel. The heavy imagistic texture is made very purple by much of the second and third books, where Stephen's budding adolescence and emotional peaks combine with his still involved awareness of the real physical world. The style becomes more involuted, less sensory and emotional as Stephen serves the church. It becomes rather flat, and less vivid texturally, as he completes his final emancipation from home, country, and religion, and returns to the rhetoric of the third book in the final diary passages.

The importance of the first two pages as introductions to themes has perhaps been over-rated when a critic states that every major theme in all Joyce's work is contained in miniature in these pages, but certainly such a phrase as:

The evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud of the foot-balls the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. (p. 3, Modern Library Edition)

has continual reverberations. Pale and chilly comes to be associated with the church and the specific color white, and the word "greasy" is perhaps used more than any other adjective in the book, referring to the state of Stephen's soul and the physical state of his home and country for the most part; "bird" is a major symbol, and grey, along with yellow, is used for tonal purposes throughout. The complexities and interactions of individual words in

relation to Stephen's development are many and the value of early childhood experiences in the formation of his character obvious. To treat these subjects fully, one would almost have to paraphrase the entire book. Other important introductions in these pages are those of songs, the eagle of Dante's song, and the colors of Dante's brushes.

Words or phrases such as "turf-coloured water," "ellipsoidal," and "weary," which are repeated in the formation of Stephen's mind, serving no symbolic function, manage to reappear in significant places, showing briefly the functions of language in psychological development, and a major non-symbolic use of tightening structure. Sensations such as the smell of urine are repeated several times, and serve also as signposts for Stephen's psychological development, his reactions to this particular sensation being significantly different in the first three books.

Images of color are rather important in the book, and both by their conventional (Ireland equals green equals Parnell) and their established (yellow connects with physical Dublin connects with psychological repulsion) associations serve to call up thematic points each time they are mentioned. Dante's red and green brushes are associated with church and country, the development of the former being accumulated by Stephen's sensations, of objects such as the face of a priest and Uncle Charley's handkerchief, to mention a few, and by traditional convention. Thus another basic thematic element is introduced

Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man

By Peter Irvine

harmlessly in the first two pages. Church and country, with family playing a secondary role, are the main institutions from which Stephen rebels in his attempt to find freedom. Probably the most lavish and sensory imagery of Stephen's adolescence is spent in describing the offshoots and influence of these two major categories. Red and green are continually juxtaposed throughout, in the song of the first page, the green ivy and red holly of the Christmas dinner, Stephen's maps, his candy, and even in the "emerald and black and russet and olive" of the seaweed, during the epiphany scene. Other images of color are the yellow and grey mentioned above, which are largely of tonal and physical value. White, which seems to stand for purity, and is used in connections of dampness and coldness in the early pages, is carried over into the church, and also endowed with a meaning. An interesting method of association for the reader is achieved with the juxtaposition of the scullion's apron in the early pages, introducing the dampness and coldness themes, and the statement in the last book that the Church is the scullery-maid of Christendom, which unites a theme through the use of color and a word association. Blue, associated with the Virgin, who is associated with the Church, is also associated with a flower girl, who, like all the ephemeral women Stephen runs across, is associated with E. C., and another rather involuted comparison is achieved.

Like most of the imagery, the symbolism in the *Portrait* is asso-

ciational rather than "meaningful," and serves to achieve the "harmony" of part to part relationship indicated in the aesthetic theory. The mythology of the name Stephen Dedalus calls up a very large series of associations. Stephen was the first Christian martyr. He was convicted of blasphemy, and stoned to death directly after seeing a vision of God. Nebulous analogies may be made with our Stephen's blasphemies, his physical stonings by Dolan and Heron, his ridiculous self-imposed martyrdom of the fourth book, and his visions both by dream and in epiphany. Dedalus is more convincing, since it is developed during the story, and several of the Dedalian associations are directly paralleled. First, there is Stephen's conscious remembering of the name, during the beach epiphany, the swallow's flight, and the final pages of the diary. There are several aspects of the myth that are obviously utilized. The creation of the labyrinth results in Dedalus' imprisonment. Stephen is imprisoned in Dublin by family, church, and nationality, and he escapes at the end into exile by flight, as seen in the third-to-last section of the diary. He creates a labyrinth in the novel itself, and is himself the hawk-like man, for his soul is continually attempting to soar, and is always described in movement, although never really "in flight" until the end. The explicit statement of one of the major themes of *Portrait*,

When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of

nationality, language, religion.

I shall try to fly by those nets.

(p. 238)

continues the symbolism, for this is at least what Stephen thinks he finally does. There is an ambiguity in this symbolism, however, which is crucial to the meaning of the novel. Stephen speaks of Dedalus in the last sentence as "old father, old artificer," and thus identifies himself, as he has before, with Icarus, the son of Dedalus, the boy who flew too close to the sun, which melted the wax on his wings, and caused him to fall into the sea and drown. Whether Stephen will fly or drown, then, is never completely answered in the *Portrait*. A look at the arrogant dilettante, the Stephen of *Ulysses*, would lead one to the conclusion that the last sentence of the book was merely another of Joyce's consistently biting ironies in point of view, but one is never sure in the *Portrait*. Stephen remains both Dedalus and Icarus.

The identification of Stephen with the bird-like Dedalus gives the bird image some meaning like intellectual freedom, but this association does not take care of all the birds. The bird-girl wading in the water, and the real awakener of his necessity to create is described as "the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life." One may say here that his necessity to create is achieved via the perception of the beauty of life, which had not appeared to him before, when the Church, country, and family all represented different kinds of death. This, if possible, gives birds two

separate symbolic meanings. Dante's Prometheus - devouring eagles, the name and actions of Heron, and the conventional association of the eagle with the Imperial Roman Church add a third, that of authority, from which Stephen does finally escape. Heron reinforces and is reinforced by Dolan's pandybat, the same actions taking place in the first two books. Birds, then, do not seem to be able to be assimilated into more than a multiplicity of meanings, their dominant meaning coming from the Dedalus myth and the constant strivings of Stephen for flight, a symbolic action which is developed and completed.

In flying, Stephen is exiling himself from the afore-mentioned Church and country, under each of which exist several representatives. May Dedalus lines up with church, and the diversity which is synthesized in the person of Simon, via Stephen's final conversation with Cranly, symbolizes a heritage of country unacceptable to the artist. Cranly is described as a priest; Stephen confesses to him. He is Church. Davin likes Ireland, he takes walks, he is Country. Emma, previously described as Church, and Davin's peasant woman, the flitting bat, "waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness," seem to be Ireland, a lost race. Emma is described in exactly the same fashion as Davin's temptress, but this identification is qualified by the particular moment at which the description takes place, which is followed by Stephen's bitterness about her associations with the priest. Her associations with the cowl-like shawl, with the Virgin, and the lack of concreteness with which she is described, seem to fix her more strongly on the church side of the pole. Of course, the poles are not absolutes, and they interact to some extent, Ireland being a part of the Church, and the Church, with its treatment of Parnell, being an undesirable part of

Ireland, but their establishment generally seems to work out.

The symbols associated with the church are largely contained in the description of the actions of the director who tries to convince Stephen to join the priesthood. He is represented as a hangman, dangling the cords of the windowshade, he is shaded, and only the outlines of his skull, continually used as a symbol of death, are visible. The scene takes place in waning daylight, symbolic of the denial of nature that the priesthood represents. The skull image is seen on Conmee's desk, a reminder of death, even though Conmee has positive significance for Stephen, in the Dedalus house, where a skull is seen entering it, later to become personalized although seemingly only metaphorical, flames burst from Stephen's skull during the retreat, and Cranly's face is seen as a skull. All but the woman entering the house reinforce the death of the spirit that is associated with the Church and the priesthood. Another symbol that is consistent with the depiction of Stephen as a bird is the cage formed by Arnall's fingers, which represents the traps set for the soaring spirit. The associated ideas of the prison, seen in Arnall's comparison of hell to a prison, the parallel emotions felt by Stephen concerning his soul and in relation to the sermon of book three, the comparison of Dublin to the labyrinth-prison of the Dedalus myth, and the stylistic comparison of the physical world to hell, enable this image to work on several different levels.

Images such as the "foetus" on the desk at Cork and the crossing of two bridges after the discussion with the director seem to be conventionally used symbols, marking grades in psychological development. The word makes Stephen and the reader aware of the particularly sexual nature of his unrest, as well as indicating to Stephen that his thoughts do not exist in a vacuum. The crossing of the bridges comes directly after he

has decided that his freedom would be endangered by the robes of the priesthood, and symbolizes the break he makes.

The use of water imagery, like that of birds, is rather complicated, and not limited to a single meaning. Stephen is afraid of water, partly because of his associations with Clongowes, his shouldering into the ditch and the turfcouldered water of the baths. Even during his epiphany he only gets his feet wet. At the end of the book he has refused to bathe for a long time, and is covered with lice. Water is spoken of, in the prize money episode, as the "tide of life," and the combination of internal and external tides serves to break down his "breakwater of order and elegance." Stephen's fear may be a refusal to accept reality, even though his artistic aims include an acceptance of it, but in the above episode the tide of life or reality sweeps him off his feet, and it seems that reality itself is too much for his constantly erected dreams. At another time, temptation to sin is spoken of as a flood, which he surmounts unnaturally in asceticism. Rain, not water *per se*, is spoken of as a purifier during his confession. Water's conventional symbolic values of continuity and the unconscious do not seem to apply in the *Portrait*. The choice, in this case, between the tide of life and external reality, is possibly important, but it is equally likely that the psychological associations are as important as the symbolic. At any rate, water, like birds, has both a "good" and a "bad" meaning in reference to Stephen.

Finally, there is the most important personal identification of Stephen with Satan. Both are victims of the sin of pride, rather fruitless rebels, and Stephen declares to Cranly:

I will not serve that in which
I no longer believe, whether it
call itself my home, my father-
land, or my church.

(Continued on Page 16)

To George Frederick Handel

The angels of the Lord, when they withdraw,
Are not torn up with angry, clashing brass
And dismal chidings, but they lightly pass,
With soul-seducing music, from our raw
Seeing. I know how their deceptions gnaw
The cozened mind, have seen a painted Mass
Charm men to Hell. Not only what is crass
Serves to advance His unrelenting Law.

O artificer! rise and swell my heart!
If not with joy, then let it be with pain.
See, mark my blasphemy: here at your art
I fling my prostrate soul, and make you reign
With Him you praise. Bright stained-glass hell! apart
From God, the splendor of my sensual sin.

—John Carter



—Janice Clark

thwart she was sitting on, one foot on each side of her.

"Keep your skirt up away from my shoes," he told her. She folded the wide skirt into her lap. "I would like to buy Mr. Peterson's dory, then we would have more room when I took you fishing."

"I like this boat," she said. "It's more cozy. That dory is a heavy old thing. Besides, if we're getting a car we can't go out and buy a boat too." Paul rowed in silence, taking the long strokes of a person used to small boats.

"John Hunter told me he knew a man with a forty-one Plymouth, but he wants two hundred dollars for it."

"We'll find something nice for less than that," his wife said happily, brushing a spot from the knee of his trousers. "And if it's not blue, we'll paint it. I want the same color as Mr. Berlin's car."

"Yes," Paul said, "that's a pretty shade of blue."

They were nearing the schooner, and Jean read the gold lettering on the mahogany stern aloud,

"The *Shiela D.* That's a pretty name for a boat. Is Shiela Mrs. Berlin's name?"

"That was the name of Mr. Berlin's first wife. She died three years ago, while they were in Europe."

"If we had a boat, what should we name it, Paul?"

"I had a boat when I was a boy," Paul said. "I called it the *Storm-bird.*"

"That's a better name than Mr. Berlin's boat has," his wife said. "That would be a good name for our sea gulls. I see them fly over the house before it rains."

"It's a good name," Paul said.

Paul brought the skiff along side the schooner, and helped his wife up the boarding ladder that hung over the side. A mechanic from the shipyard was working in the cockpit, and had lifted the deck grates to get at the engine. Paul and his wife stood

looking down on the new, freshly-painted engine.

"It has eight cylinders," he said to her. "The old one only had six." The mechanic straightened up and wiped his hands on a piece of waste cloth.

"Hello Paul," he said, "here's the new kicker. Tell the captain and Mr. Berlin to keep it under six hundred rpm's for the first fifty hours. And change the oil after each run."

"That's some engine," Paul said. "How much did it cost?" The mechanic slammed down the deck grates.

"Eleven hundred, but that's not installed. It's a lot of engine."

"Especially for a sailboat," Paul said. His wife turned the schooner's wheel to bring the knotted spoke to the top.

"So much money," she said, "and he doesn't even live here."

"Can I take you in, Otto?" Paul asked the mechanic.

"No thanks. They're sending the launch after me from the yard. I guess I'll go below and clean up." He squeezed his large frame down the narrow companionway, and Paul went forward to look at the new hal-yards. As he came up to the foremast, he saw the captain rowing up to the ladder in the ship's dingy.

The captain came up the ladder with a great effort, and heaved himself onto the deck. He was a heavy man, and his face was flushed partly from the effort of boarding and partly from its normal color as a result of continuous drinking.

"Lo Paul," he grunted, mopping the perspiration from his brow with a dirty handkerchief. "How does the new auxiliary look?"

"Very new," Paul said.

"It should," said the captain. "It has two more cylinders than we had and four more than we need."

"It's a lot of engine," Paul said, after looking to see if the mechanic had come back on deck. "Are we going out tomorrow?"

"Don't know yet," the captain lit

one of his cigars. "Berlin hasn't called, but that doesn't mean he won't. You'd better be down early in case he shows up. I'd call you to-night if you had a phone."

"That's all right," Paul said. "I'll be coming down early anyway. Mr. Berlin wants me to mend that torn batten pocket in the jib."

"Oh—he also wants you to touch up the gunwales on his son's boat. There's a can of spar varnish in the rope locker. The boy is taking his girl friend out tomorrow, so you'd better get at that today. The run-about is at the Club float."

"But I'm off today," Paul said.

"Better get at it anyway, Paul." The captain leaned toward him and lowered his voice. "And you would be smart not to bring your wife on board—Berlin doesn't go for that. I'm telling you this because I heard Berlin talking to some kid at the Club last week — said something about needing a new hand." Paul turned quickly and looked behind him. Jean waved at him from the stern, where she stood leaning against the boom.

"Did he say that?" Paul's voice became uneven. The captain shrugged.

"Maybe he wants a third man."

"Maybe," Paul said. "I'll do that after supper tonight. No, I think I'll do it now. Jean wants to go to the movies tonight." He beckoned to his wife and went below for the varnish. When he came back, he went to the rail and drew the skiff up to the ladder. The chipped gray paint of the skiff contrasted sadly with the dark natural-wood finish of the dingy.

"Are you ready to go, Paul?" his wife asked him as she came up, turning her back on the captain.

"All set," he said.

As they rowed away from the schooner, Jean looked up at the tall masts.

"I love to go on the boat. That's only the third time I've been on the *Shiela D.* It's much bigger than the boat you worked on last year, isn't it?"

"It's seventy feet. The *Corsair* was only fifty-two." He took a few strokes on the oars. "You should wear a hat out in this sun, Jean."

"Why?" she laughed, shaking her head. "You never do."

"No, but I'll be bald in a few years."

"You, bald! You don't even have a widow's peak!"

"Too much sun isn't good," Paul said as he pulled towards the shore, "especially for women." His wife noticed that they weren't heading back around the point.

"Where are we going, Paul?"

"In to the Club for a few minutes. I have to put some varnish on the runabout."

"Not today—do it tomorrow."

"We may go out tomorrow, and Mr. Berlin's son is going to take out his girl friend. Also, the captain said that he heard Mr. Berlin talking to a boy about crewing."

"I don't believe him. You know more about boats than the captain and Mr. Berlin together."

"It will only take a few minutes," Paul said, as the skiff bumped gently against the padding of the yacht club float. Above the float there was a white sign with black lettering: *Corinthian Yacht Club, Private*. His wife waited in the skiff while Paul brushed two coats of varnish on the

gunwales of the runabout. He spent a few more minutes touching up the inside. When he was done, he got back into the skiff and rowed out into the cove.

"That didn't take long," he said. "Now if he keeps his shoes off it, Mr. Berlin's son will have a trim boat for his girl friend."

"Have you met Mr. Berlin's son?"

"No, but I know he works for his father in the City several days a week during the summer. He goes to college somewhere in the West."

"I wish you had gone to college, Paul. You are smarter than a lot of people who do go." Paul stopped rowing and rested on the oars, looking out across the bay. He thought for a minute.

"No, I wouldn't want to go to college. I'm not quick enough with books." He looked farther off, towards a white cloud bank rising like a wall on the horizon. "There are a lot of things I would like to know, though. Like about the sea gulls."

"You know a lot now, Paul," his wife said softly. He started rowing again.

"No, Jean, I don't know very much at all." He paused a stroke. "In fact, I forgot money for the shrimp." His wife laughed and leaned forward to kiss him. "Don't upset us," Paul said.

"You're a darling," she said. "We can pick up the shrimp on our way home and pay for them tomorrow. Louie won't mind."

"No," Paul said, "I guess he won't." After a few minutes he spoke again.

"The captain says that I shouldn't bring you out to the boat any more—Mr. Berlin doesn't like it." His wife pouted.

"The captain doesn't want you to bring me, but he'd like me to come alone." Paul didn't stop rowing.

"Did he ask you that? I knew he had women on board at night sometimes, but I didn't think he would ask you." She laughed.

"Didn't you think he'd want me?" She turned on the seat and pulled up her skirt, smiling at him. Paul pulled the skirt back down over her knees, blushing in spite of himself.

"I meant I didn't think he would ask you because you are my wife."

"I think the captain would ask the Virgin Mary," she laughed. Paul frowned at the blasphemy. "I told him to ask you if it would be all right," she said, "and I won't speak to him again. I'm sorry you work for a man like that."

"We all have our faults," Paul said, as he pulled around the point and headed for the wharf. "Mine is that I believe everybody."



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"Will those clouds bring rain to-night?" his wife pointed out at the cloud bank. Paul didn't look at the clouds again.

"I think so. We'll know if our sea gulls go over at supper time."

"Yes," she said, watching the clouds, "the stormbirds."

When they reached the float next to the wharf, Paul looked up at the weathered sign nailed to one of the piles: *Municipal Pier, Town of Oyster Bay*. He thought how much better it would look freshly painted, like the sign at the yacht club pier.

They got out and Paul pulled the skiff up onto the water-logged planks of the float. He turned it over and put the oars and the can of varnish underneath. Then they walked back past the old men fishing from the wharf in the sun and started up the long hill.

THE END

(Continued from Page 12)

This parallels Lucifer's "Non serviam." This identification maintains a moral framework for the book, and gives the reader more perspective than is given even by the great irony Joyce employs in Stephen's treatment. In his revolt Stephen is certainly *d a m n e d*, and the word "pride," the meaning of which for him has only superficial connotations, such as the pomp and worldliness of the Jesuits, is the important one associated with him. The importance of the Lucifer identification can be overdrawn, and, if so, it seems to negate the value of the revolt, and Stephen has little chance to appear sympathetic. But the identification, if the most important one, is still to be considered in the light of other factors: his inability to face reality and himself, his coldness in the light of the moral frameworks of the characters from whom he revolts—Davin, Cranly, his mother, the formative religious experiences which make him in actuality "a priest of the imagination," and the Dedalus-Icarus ambiguity. Stephen's last

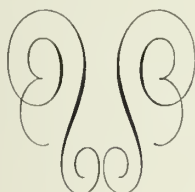
speech, "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead," represents a surrender of pride in prayer that does not succeed in overcoming its former existence, as formulated in the "Non serviam" declaration, but does throw a blight on the completely anti-Stephen, anti-Satan, interpretation of the novel.

This discussion remains preliminary, and relation of the symbols to the main themes has been but slightly indicated. At any rate, the complexity and overlapping of key words might tend to give support to the validity of the possibility of apprehending the whole work in terms of a single stasis. A mathematical listing of word patterns, such as has been done with *Ulysses*, might be the best possible method of approaching the problem of imagery and symbolism, and the conclusion here is merely that, because of the nature of his language and the new materials he uses, Joyce's symbolism has been more complete and integral to structure than that of any other English novelist. This conclusion was contained in the premises, but should be accepted in any approach to the *Portrait*.



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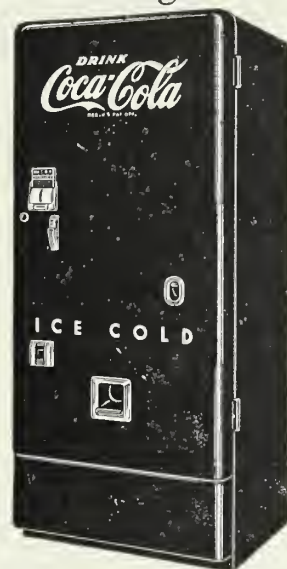
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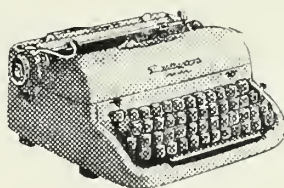


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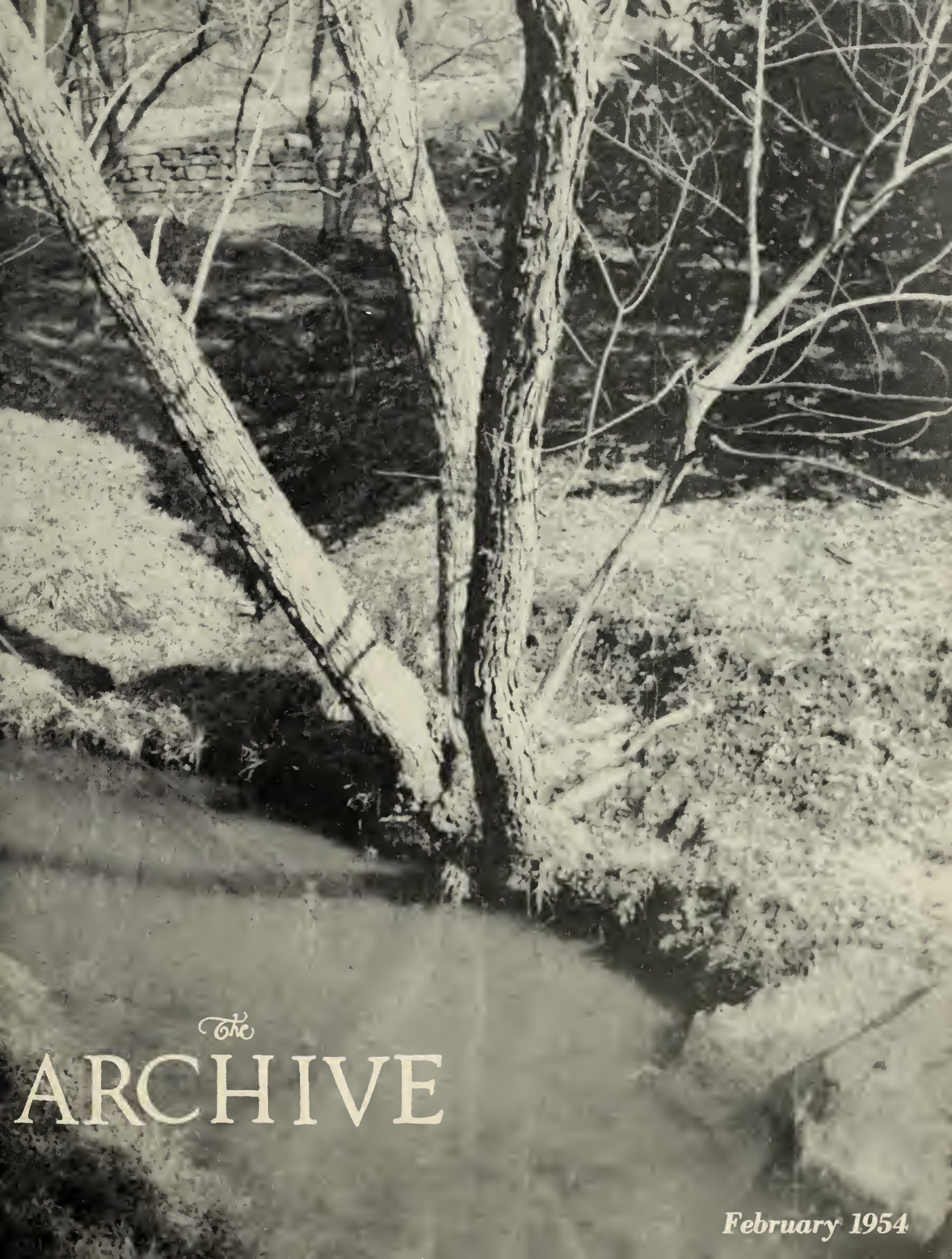
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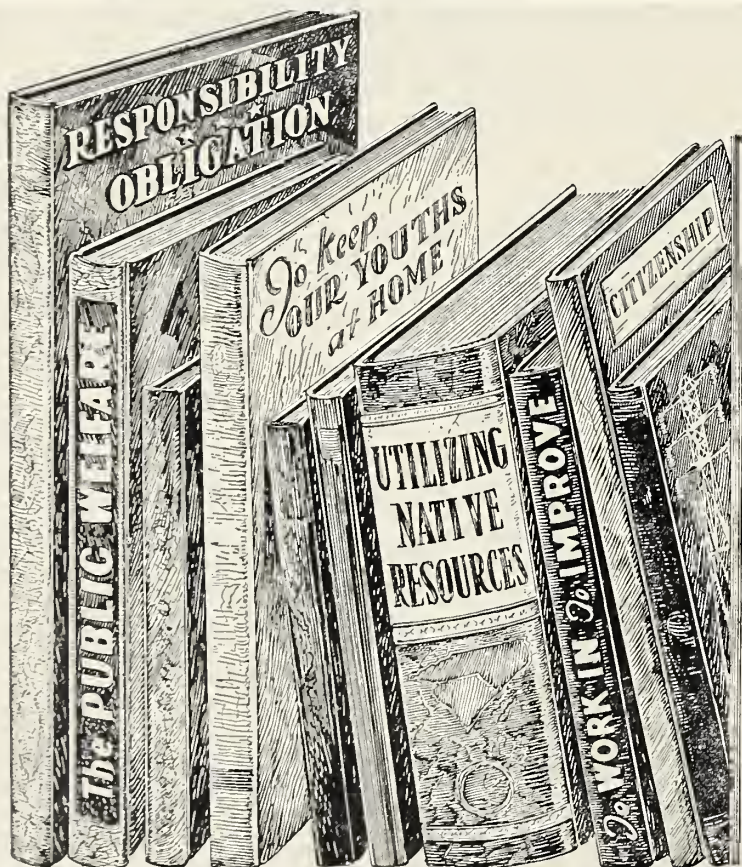
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Shakespeare and the Divine Right

Perhaps it is significant, perhaps it is not; but it is at least interesting to see that the first term in John of Gaunt's apostrophe to England is "This royal throne of kings." Standing as it does first in the passage the phrase may be, for our purposes at least, expanded into a symbol of the primary esteem in which kings were held in any state and in particular in the Tudor England where William Shakespeare was a subject. For of all the English monarchs it was the Tudors with their problems of heirs, line of descent, legitimacy, and control of parliament and people, who first emphasized in their pronouncements and court ritual the full implications of the theory of the divine right of kings, a theory far older than the Tudors, older than the English monarchy itself.

Sir James George Frazer would place the origins of the theory of divine right in the most remote stages of the evolution of politics and religion. He sees the theory as the somewhat more rational culmination of attitudes toward tribal leaders, attitudes of fear which regarded chiefs and kings either as especially potent magicians or as direct incarnations of deity.¹ The theory of divine right, as it was known in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was largely a product of conflicts between pope and king. In the attempt to establish their own ultimate supremacy within the state kings resorted to a doctrine of divine right which in its fullest statement was set forth as follows: (1) Monarchy is an institution estab-

lished by God. (2) Hereditary right can never be annulled. (3) The actions of a king are subject only to God. (4) God demands non-resistance and passive obedience from the subjects of His earthly representatives.² This is the theory which the Tudors needed and used rather wisely and inoffensively to establish strong government for England, and this is the theory which the Stuarts were to misuse so ridiculously. James I had thoroughly elevated notions on the subject. In a tract by James entitled *Religio Regis; or the Faith and Duty of a Prince* there are a number of statements which embody the more extravagant claims of the theory:

A Protestant King is to learn to know and love God, as having double Obligation to him, for making him first a Man; and next for making him a little God to sit on his Throne, to Rule over other men.³

As the most part of a King's Office consists in deciding these Points of *Meum* and *Tuum* among his Subjects, so remember when you sit in Judgment, that the Throne you sit on is God's, and sway neither to the right Hand, nor to the left; either loving the Rich, or pitying the Poor, for Justice should be blind and friendless.⁴

... since the Sword is given you by God, not only to revenge the Injuries committed among your

Subjects, but also to revenge and free them from foreign Injuries, you may therefore proclaim War, which upon a just Quarrel is always lawful.⁵

... your Office is likewise mixt, betwixt the Ecclesiastical and Civil Estate; for King is not *mere laicus*, as both the *Papists* and *Anabapists* (*sic.*) would have, and to which Error also the *Puritans* very much incline.⁶

Yet however ludicrously high his ideals of the divinity of kingship, James I had the good sense not to insist upon them to the point of error.⁷ Indeed, as Milton is quick to point out, James had stamped upon the coins of his reign *Si mereor in me* (against me if I deserve.)⁸ It was Charles I and his court who held so firmly to the letter of the theory, bringing on the revulsion of such men as John Milton and adding to the currents of discontent which culminated in the Cromwell Rebellion. For all practical purposes, the divine right of kings was dead in England, surviving only in an occasional moment of ritual or in the belief held by the people on into the reign of Anne that the king's touch could cure scrofula.⁹

William Shakespeare lived under two monarchs, Elizabeth and James I. Both of these considered themselves Princes by the divine ordin-

1. Sir James George Frazer. *The Golden Bough*, pp. 83-106.

2. John Neville Figgis, *The Divine Right of Kings*, pp. 5-6.

3. James I, *Religio Regis; or the Faith and Duty of a Prince*, p. 45

4. *Ibid.*, 56-57.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 59.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 71.

7. James Gairdner and James Spedding, *Studies in English History*, 269-271.

8. John Milton, *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, p. 30

9. Frazer, p. 90.

of Kings

by Reynolds Price

ation of God, subject only to God, and to whom absolute and unquestioning obedience was due. It would be unusual to find that an author who was in many ways, if not all, peculiarly a product of his age had omitted from his plays—in which English monarchs figure rather importantly—at least some nod in the direction of divine right. The nods are there and in rather large number. The history plays abound in direct and indirect statements of the theory which was at the base of Tudor and Stuart policy. Before examining any of these references it will be well to point out that as they pertain to the divine right as a formal theory, these lines are anachronistic. For virtually always kings had been held in some sort of sacred awe, but it was only with the Reformation and the ensuing conflict of spiritual and temporal authority that kings found it necessary to prove their divine appointment by scriptural reference. The very anachronism of the lines is, I think, significant; for if Shakespeare had not been somehow impressed by the doctrine, either favorably or unfavorably, he would not have taken the pains to insert statements of it in the mouths of kings and nobles of earlier centuries.

Let us then turn to a few of the illusions to divine right, examining the attitude which they seem to represent, detecting if possible any shifts in attitude, and in the end making some attempt to find the man Shakespeare behind the poem.

In the chronology of composition the reference in *2 Henry VI* would be the earliest (if it is really Shake-

spere's.) The modesty of its claim to a sort of half-divinity is true to the character of the saintly Henry VI:

For, sure, my thoughts do hourly
prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.¹⁰

(III. ii. 283-288.)

Then comes *Richard III*, and Shakespeare is confronted with a paradox: how can the gargoyle-villain that is Richard be portrayed as a divine appointee? It seems that he somewhat soft-pedals the issue. The fact is, a great deal is not made about Richard's being king. His coronation is not portrayed. The spectacle of the twisted body being invested by God and anointed to his service would have been sacrilegious. The references to divine right in the play come from Richard. No one else dares suggest that Richard is a deputy of God. Neither does Richard seem to have any illusions about his sacred nature. He freely admits in a soliloquy,

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stolen out of Holy Writ,

10. All quotations from the plays of Shakespeare come from the complete edition of G. B. Harrison and are indicated only by act, scene, and line.

And seem a saint when most I play
the devil.

(I. iii. 336-338.)

His one reference to his elevated state is a rather hollow one; we can imagine him shouting it with a half-smile at the grotesqueness of its application to himself. He is speaking after the abuses of Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess:

A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarm,
um, drums!
Let not the Heavens hear these
telltale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed.
Strike, I say.

(IV. iv. 148-150.)

It is in *Richard II* that the references to divine right are thickest, for it is to Richard the poet that the idea of being peculiarly sacred would appeal. It is historical fact that Richard insisted upon the divinity of royal power, in particular upon the efficacy of the unction of coronation; but his contention was a personal one and had not yet come to be accepted as a political truth.¹¹ In the play phrase after phrase is employed to emphasize the faith which Richard and his immediate followers have in his divinity: Richard speaks of "our sacred blood." (I. i. 119.) In the same scene he asserts defiantly, "We were not born to sue, but to command." (195.) In III. ii. 35-53 he compares himself to the sun which rising sends all evil into flight. Carlisle defends Richard before Parliament as

. . . the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,

11. Figgis, p. 9.

Anointed, crowned, planted many
years. . .

(IV. i. 125-127.)

And it is Richard II of all Shakespeare's kings who most consistently employs the royal "we" in his discourse. In I. iii. 189-190, having banished Bolingbroke and Mowbray, he swears them to passive obedience, never

To plot, contrive, or complot any
ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects
or our land.

When Bolingbroke returns rebellious, Carlisle assures Richard,

Fear not, my lord. That Power
that made you King

Hath power to keep you King in
spite of all.

The means that Heaven yields
must be embraced,

And not neglected. . .

(III. ii. 27-30.)

And Richard himself relies on God to save him.

Not all that water in the rough
rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an
anointed king.

The breath of worldly men cannot
depose

The deputy elected by the Lord.

For every man that Bolingbroke
hath pressed

To lift shrewd steel against our
golden crown,

God for His Richard hath in
Heavenly pay

A glorious angel. Then, if angels
fight,

Weak men must fall, for Heaven
still guards the right.

(III. ii. 54-62.)

Faced with the inevitability of abdication, he asks stunned and incredulous,

. . . show us the hand of God

That hath dismissed us from our
stewardship;

For well we know no hand of
blood and bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our
scepter

Unless he do profane, steal, or
usurp.

(III. iii. 77-81.)

The allusions to divine right in two parts of *Henry IV* are severely limited in comparison with the effusion in *Richard II*. Indeed, we can find only one direct reference: that of Sir Walter Blunt when he defends his royalist stand before Hotspur.

And God defend but still I should
stand so

So long as out of limit and true
rule

You stand against anointed Majesty.

(IV. iii. 38-40.)

The other references are rather indefinite. There is the famous one when Falstaff claims that he recognized Hal disguised as a robber by instinct, implying that royalty emits some sort of cosmic ray. And at Shrewsbury Douglas meeting the king repeats the idea,

I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee
like a king.

(V. iv. 35-36.)

In *2 Henry IV* the speeches about kings and crowns almost unanimously avoid ideas of divinity and emphasize the great burden which rests upon a monarch. Henry admits, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." (III. i. 31.); and Hal addresses the crown lying beside his sick father as "... polished perturbation! Golden care!" (IV. v. 23.)

When we reach *Henry V* we find even fewer statements of divine right; indeed there almost seems to be a turning in the opposite direction. On the night before Agincourt, visiting with his soldiers, Henry asserts, "... I think the King is but a man, as I am." (V. i. 105-106.) He goes further, "Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own." (V. i. 183-186.) What is most important is the soliloquy which follows. Henry begins with a consideration of the great responsibility which is peculiarly a monarch's, and he proceeds to a question

which would have been unthinkable for Richard II:

And what have kings that privates
have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that
suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy
worshippers?

What are thy rents?

What are thy comings-in?

O Ceremony, show me but thy
worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other
men?

Wherein thou art less happy being
feared

Than they in fearing.

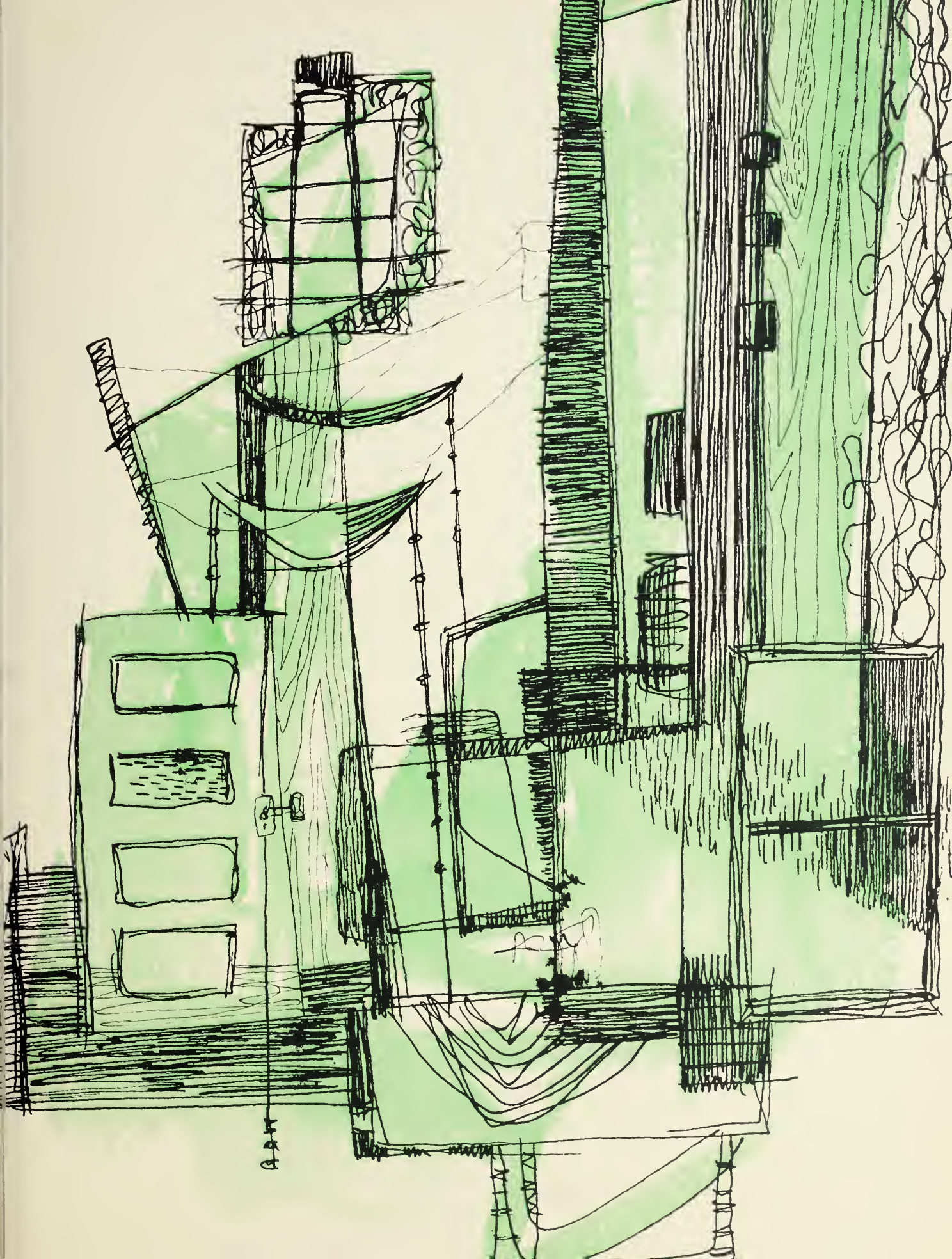
(IV. i. 255-266.)

Having considered a number of the more direct allusions to divine right in the history plays (and there are others, notably in *Macbeth* and *Love's Labor Lost*), we may proceed to ask if the attention which Shakespeare gave to a political-theological theory can be construed as evidence for his support or rejection of the divinity of monarchy. G. B. Harrison goes so far as to say, "It is not, therefore, surprising that Shakespeare believed in the divinity of kings."¹² Professor Harrison's knowledge of Shakespeare and of his contemporaries is undoubtedly great, but we may doubt the validity of so absolute a statement as this. At least we should be interested to know how he has arrived at his conclusion.

If we were to judge on the basis of *Richard II* alone, we could say that Shakespeare did believe in the divine right of kings. *Richard II* is above all else a poem. All sorts of powerful and lovely and pathetic

(Continued on Page 22)

12. G. B. Harrison, ed., *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, p. 7.



Time makes a man immortal, or it kills him. It had almost killed a seventeenth century author, Cyrano de Bergerac, until a nineteenth century dramatist named Rostand resurrected him.

The Historical Cyrano

by Donald Milholland

Rostand made him famous. Romance is the word we link with his name. The eloquent poet, the brash disfigured swordsman has wrung the heart of many a Roxanne; but his fame has driven him into the obscurity of rare book collections, and we know him today as the man with the funny nose, or the lover with the broken heart.

The historical Cyrano de Bergerac was more than a poet of the pastry shop. One might call him a scientist. He talked at length on the unity of matter. He tried to explain combustion and fire. He had a theory describing the body as composed of living organisms (cells?). He had the first idea of a phonograph. These observations as well as others are found in his fiction work, *L'Autre Monde—Les Etats de la Lune*.

A favorite literary device of the seventeenth century was to place a story in a mythical land or far off country and to contrast it with the home country. Thus More wrote his *Utopia* and Swift *Gulliver's Travels*. Instead of sailing the ocean, Cyrano goes to the moon. He has to try more than once. First he ties bottles of dew to his coat and lets the sun draw him heavenwards. He gets as far as Canada. Again he tries and with a rocket-like affair finally makes it. Men still dream about trips to the moon. Cyrano was among the first to dream about it.

Once on the moon, Cyrano begins a fantastic description of life there. On the surface one admires the dreamer for his imagination, the poet for his picture of the lunar paradise. One soon finds the ironist who with Voltairian wit points out the contrasts of the two societies. The Queen of France may keep monkeys and parrots at court, but on the moon humans are kept for the same purpose. Nice people do not talk but only sing wordless songs to express themselves. Common folk make signs. Humans talk. Books are machines which record and play back sounds. Verses are used for money. A Cyrano wouldn't have to starve unless he didn't like the method of eating—only inhaling the odors. Old age is not respected. Parents obey their children. People are condemned to live. A funeral procession for one who has died of old age is no

sign of respect. Do you want to tell someone the time? Tilt your head back and let the shadow of your nose fall on your teeth. A large nose is an asset and a mark of distinction. Instead of a sword to show his rank the nobleman wears a replica of the sex organs. The sword is a destructive symbol; this is a creative one. People up there are not ashamed. The desires which God has created man need not be ashamed to satisfy.

The first man, Adam, fled from the moon to escape God. Priests and other such celibates must be eunuchs, for normal men would not act so. On the moon, virginity is a crime. Man is no nobler than the vegetable and suffers in comparison. Cyrano is chided by the moon people for thinking animals inferior. If animals have no soul then how are we different who have similar bodies? How does a soul live after the body? Did it make a pact with our body for release when the organs cease to function? And how about resurrection? If a man eats a Moslem, digests him, has children, whose body is resurrected? All cannot be. If the soul exists without the aid of the senses why do we need them in this life? The blind get then a head start on us in practice for the next life. Why didn't the just God make us all blind? Such are Cyrano's religious views. They are not logical contradictions, rather priceless ridicule—the heart of the libertine.

Copernicus would have envied Cyrano his chance to explain the universe first hand, and Cyrano has fun in answering all arguments with an "I ought to know, I've been there" attitude. Like Descartes, Cyrano turns scientist when he talks of matter, of energy, and even of psycho-somatic medical care. His vocabulary is a pre-scientific one. Man amounts to very little when seen in the light of all the knowledge that his limited senses miss. Cyrano finally escapes from the moon. Back on earth dogs chase him until he wears off the odor of the moon.

Cyrano wrote letters obviously for publication. The *New Yorker* might print them with the caption, "Letters We Doubt Ever Got Mailed." Some are satirical or "Contre" letters. (*Contre M.—* or *Contre les Pedants*, etc.) They are in the spirit of *La Lune*. Other

letters are of a different nature. "Sur l'Ombre Que Faisoint Des Arbres dans l'Eau" is a beautiful piece of impressionism. The trees are in the water but never get wet. The fish wander among the flowers yet do not leave the water. A contrast to this is "Description d'une Tempete" which tells of a boat tossing on the waves. "We are attacked by all of nature . . . not an atom of air is without hail . . . the sky is a piece of red iron." Another poetic letter-essay, "Pour Le Printemps," tell us "not to cry . . . the sun has been reconciled and now returns . . ." Is this the bitter satirist? His *Lettres Amoureuses* approach the *precieuse* style yet a subtle wit is there also. Some, like his "Reproche à une Cruelle," are bitter.

His verse is not as poetic as his prose. The "Sonnet à Mademoiselle D'Arpajon" reflects the *Lettres Amoureuses*. The madrigal "Sur la Metamorphose Des Dieux" tells us that the gods are disguised as fools so as to deceive us. This is not the traditional madrigal of flowers, Phyllis' bowers, and fa-la-la. "La Pauvre Malade" arouses pity for the one "who wears the same cloak night and day . . . whose curtains are the wall, etc."

Is Cyrano a poet? How does one define poetry? If it is the beautiful, the imaginative then Cyrano has much of that. Consider the lively imagination of *La Lune*, or "Sur L'Ombre . . ." for its imagery. Many of Cyrano's lines sing. To look at all this along with his

rich vocabulary and vibrant style might lead one to call him a poet.

But examine *La Lune* closely and it appears to be more than poetry. Life on the moon is in direct contrast with life in France. Cyrano finds himself in one ironic situation after another. Recall how he is tried for the heresy of saying he is from, what is to them the moon, and that life is there. His wit abounds and his comparisons are as ridiculous as his situations. He laughs at the noblemen and the strange society of the moon; his bitter sarcasm is against the clergy.

When Swift wrote *Gulliver's Travels* he wrote no mere adventure story but a satire on English life full of wit and irony. *Les Etats de La Lune* is more to the reader than adventure, for it too has all the elements of a satire. Cyrano laughs at his society but unlike Swift he has not the zeal of the reformer. In Cyrano's other works one cannot escape his satire. Even in serious writing he is apt to turn a phrase against itself and so all seems written in a tongue-in-cheek style.

Who is the real Cyrano? Is he poet, philosopher, scientist or satirist? He is, I believe, the Renaissance man who lives life to its fullest and fears no part of it. He searches for the very old, the new, the different. He looks above, below, far, and wide. His interest is in religion, science, cultures—everything. As rich, as vibrant, as alive as the writings of Cyrano de Bergerac must have been the Renaissance of which he was an after image.

repletion

I desire no rich content
In food my labor earns.
No kindly fare for nourishment,
That in the body burns;
For surfeiting is waste.

Only let my heart be fed
With love, and tenderness;
Then hunger may, in body bred,
Ignore all meagreness
And be replete with taste.

—Francis Fike

The Tent Meeting

Robbie sat on the splintered wooden trunk just outside the door of his mother's room, cradling a tin harmonica in his slender fingers and breathing slowly into it. The sound was a low, clear whistle, like a train on a foggy night; he pulled his breath back, and the whistle deepened into a moan, fretful, complaining, and sad.

From the room, his mother stepped out into the hall, made shadowy by the disappearance of the sun behind the barn. She held a black hat with two celluloid daisies curled together over the front brim and a black patent leather pocketbook spotted with a light layer of dust.

"Ready to go, sonny?" She walked briskly past the boy and down the stairs, her maroon print silk dress swishing against the bannister.

"Yes, m'm." Without moving, Robbie blew the two notes again and then added a third.

The woman walked into the lower hall and switched on an electric bulb which hung from the ceiling by a long cord. She faced the mirror on the high-backed oak chair that was a seat and a hat rack and an umbrella stand combined.

"Come on, then," she commanded absently, the hat pin grasped between her teeth as she adjusted the daisies on her head. "Daddy's coming around with the car."

The boy sat up straighter on the trunk.

"All right." He began the song of the two notes again.

"Sonny; you're not coming." The daisies were centered, the pin tucked in. She stood at the bottom of the steps and peered upward, reproach in her voice.

Robbie got up and clambered down the stairs, shifting his weight heavily from one foot to the other as he hit each step. The woman gazed at him intently.

"Robbie, is that your clean white shirt?"

The boy looked down at the shirt, tilted into limp wrinkles.

"Yes, m'm; it is."

"It looks awful wrinkled." His mother was doubtful. "I declare, I hate to see you going to preaching looking like you sleep in your best clothes. Where's your other shirt?"

"Dirty. Wore it Sunday."

The woman sighed.

"You and your daddy can't keep a white shirt clean over one wearing. Well, try not to mess that one up any worse 'til the meeting's over. Mama wants you to look nice."

They walked out on the front porch, Robbie fingering his harmonica silently. A slight breeze from the east blew the dry leaves of the sweet-pea vines against the trellis beside the house, the tiny pods rattling as they brushed each other. Around the yard, most of the other flowers were wilted from the heat except for the Rooster's Comb which still flaunted its tight little knots of deep red.

An old Plymouth coupe came around the circling drive to stop in front of the walk leading from the porch.

The boy ran to the door and scrambled into the back, doubling his long legs behind the driver's seat.

"Get in, Mama," the man behind the wheel said, a note of impatience showing in his voice. "It's almost seven-thirty."

Unhurriedly, the woman crossed

behind the car and sat down without answering.

"Have you got everything now?"

"Yes, I guess so." She turned her head. "Sonny, have you got your Bible?"

"My testament." He held up a small volume.

"Well." She brushed the pocketbook over her skirt to remove the dust. "Let's go. I guess that's all."

The man shifted gears, and the car left the driveway with the yellow sand under the wheels changing to a fine cloud of dust which rose up behind them.

Robbie leaned his tan cheek against the cool pane of the lowered car window. The sun was down now, yet the air was still hot, rising in waves from the hard baked ground. The brown tassels of the corn in the field hung like dark patches against the brittle leaves and sapless stalks. Even the green of the morning glories climbing up the plants lost its freshness under a coating of dust.

One star had come out in the purpling sky; it glowed steadily with a confidence born of many generations of unaltered roving. The silhouettes of the strand of pines on the edge of the horizon pointed mutely to the dot of light above them.

Tasting the flatness of the tin as he ran his tongue over the harmonica's side, Robbie began to play softly. His brown hair slipped out of its water-plastered stiffness and fell across his brown eyes. He played the sounds, deepening the whistle into the moan, and then adding the star note. Again, he tried the combination, this time putting the softness first, then the pines note followed by

the note of the steel rails, and then the sweep of the train.

"For goodness' sake, sonny, that's a lonesome sound you're making." His mother twisted around to smile faintly at him. "Can't you play something else?"

The boy said nothing, and he stopped playing.

"How 'bout 'Home, Sweet, Home'?" his father suggested, glancing into the rear view mirror to catch the boy's eyes.

Robbie inhaled deeply. Blowing a quick run down the scale, he gripped the instrument closer and then began to play. He mouthed each note lazily, slurring from one phrase to the next, blending without effort the puffs and pulls of air.

"That Jew's-harp must be a good 'un," the man driving commented. "Sounds awful good." He winked at his wife.

She patted his arm and said reproachfully, yet playfully, "Now, Daddy, you know it's because Robbie is a good player."

In the back seat, the boy was silent again, watching the fences and pastures slip past as the car roared along the tar and gravel road. As they crossed the concrete bridge, he caught a glimpse of the creek which cut its winding way through the meadow and was now so shallow as to be almost invisible against the shadowy sand of its bed.

Lifting his instrument to his mouth again, Robbie began searching for the note of shallow water. He blew gently, occasionally playing one of the other notes to find the pitch.

"Robbie, what *are* you playing?" A little fold came between the bridge of his mother's glasses as it sometimes did when she didn't quite understand what he was doing or who he was.

"Nothing; just messing, I guess."

He beat the harmonica against his palm, shaking out the drops of spit. There was a tiny silence, and then his father cleared his throat and

looked up through the windshield at the darkening sky. "I don't think it's going to rain anytime soon. Guess the weatherman's wrong again."

His wife brushed a few remaining pieces of dust from her purse. "I don't put any dependence in those men; the Lord will send rain when He wants to, and I don't think He's going to let them know about it beforehand."

The man laughed. "Now, Mama; don't go running down science in front of Robbie. He's got to learn about it in school."

"Well," the sunburned woman settled herself more firmly in the seat, "they'd better not put bad notions in his head—that's all I can say. I'd rather he didn't get an education than to get his head so turned that he didn't believe in God any more."

"Oh, I think Robbie can keep his head. We've brought him up right. You know what to believe, don't you, son?"

Robbie lifted his head from the window and stared vacantly at his father's back.

"I guess so."

The driver hastily rolled down his window. "Whoa! Like to have forgotten the turn." He drove onto a dirt road which curved around the edge of a huge unfenced grassland. In the center of the field, a canvas tent was staked up, the front flaps raised to admit as much air as possible into the steamy interior. Cars were parked in rows from the road to the tent. Robbie's father parked in a vacant space a few yards from the road. Wiping his face with an already moist handkerchief, the man got out and walked across the field to join a group of men standing by the entrance to the tent. His wife, following him closely, walked on past the men into the inner recesses of the canvas shelter.

Robbie sat in the car, watching the country people arriving, the men in suits too heavy for the summer

night, the women in rayon dresses.

"'Lo, Robbie."

A tow-headed boy, shorter by three inches than Robbie and more slender, stood beside the window, his sandy-lashed eyelids blinking as he peered into the car.

"'Lo, Luther; get in."

The younger boy obeyed, pushing back the seat and sliding over beside Robbie.

"You goin' in pretty soon?"

"Yes. I was waiting to see who all came."

"There's a big crowd inside."

"Mama says it's going to be a good preacher."

The conversation faltered for an instant. Then Robbie turned to face his companion.

"Luther, do you believe God tells the weatherman when he's goin' to make it rain?"

The light-haired boy twisted deeper into the seat, his eyes shifting away from those of his questioner.

"I—don't rightly know, Robbie. I'm not so sure."

Robbie turned back to the window.

"Mama doesn't think so." Abruptly, he rolled up the glass. "Luther—do you ever think about—well, think about—well, think about *things*, sometimes?"

"Things? What kind of things?"

"I mean—about God. And—like that."

Luther looked at the floorboards.

"No—that is, well, I guess not."

"But don't you sometimes wonder . . ." Robbie broke off uncertainly. "I—oh, well, we'd better go in now."

Luther looked relieved as he got out of the car. Robbie joined him and they stood for a moment in the shadows.

"I finished a song tonight," he said quietly. "It's good."

The other boy looked up, his eyes suddenly eager, his freckled face expectant. "Play it for me."

"No. Later. You'll like it."

Nodding his head nervously,

Luther moistened his lips. "Sure, Robbie; I like all your songs."

Most of the men had gone inside the tent now, and the two boys joined several late comers on the back row of chairs. Robbie glanced around him and found his father sitting in the section reserved for the choir. His mother was seated in the aisle seat two rows back from the rude wooden platform which stood at the front of the tent.

On the platform were four chairs and an old pulpit, borrowed from the Baptist Church in Hartsville. A Bible lay open on the top with the streamers from the purple satin marker splashing over the side of the pulpit.

To the right of the platform, a fat, graying woman sat on a bench before a portable organ, licking her thumb as she leafed through a paper-backed hymnal. At last she placed the book on the music rack and energetically attacked the instrument, the notes coming forth jerkily to form a tune of sorts.

The country people shuffled to their feet under the promptings of a young man dressed in a lightweight summer suit who had mounted the platform to lead the singing. Robbie ignored the hymnal which his friend offered him and raised his clear soprano in the sprightly anthem. From the platform, the director called out with a flourish of his right arm, "Everybody on the last verse now—everybody."

As the congregation ended the hymn and sat down, a tall, skinny man dressed in a tailored black broadcloth suit got up from the front row and stepped up on the platform. Shining in the artificial glow of the kerosene lanterns which hung from the tent ceiling, his bald head dominated his face, making his delicately formed nose and chin seem insignificant. His eyes were small and deeply set, their pale blue color almost indistinguishable from where Robbie sat.

Pausing before the Bible, the evan-

gelist extracted from his coat pocket a pair of dark-rimmed glasses, and then from his trousers pocket, a large gold watch, which he replaced after glancing at it briefly. The lantern wavered slightly, giving the yellowish face of the man a momentary fluidness which reminded Robbie of the river rippling over a clay bank.

Setting the glasses carefully on his nose, the preacher began to read slowly, his deep bass coming as a startling inconsistency from his fragile body. The text was vaguely familiar to Robbie; after the first few lines, he remembered the entire context of the passage and located it in his Testament.

The only transition between the final phrases of the text and the opening words of the sermon was a flurry of pages as the evangelist closed the Bible. His smooth voice flowed around Robbie, the sonorous rhythm washing over the listening boy with a deceptive gentleness.

"People, you don't know how thankful you ought to be to the Lord for all the things He has done for you. For the Lord is the Creator of all mankind. Oh, what a debt we owe Him for our creation." The man on the platform leaned one elbow on the pulpit and looked upward, a sad smile on his face as he proceeded to summarize the first chapters of Genesis. Robbie saw a tall white-cloaked figure with a flowing mane of silvery hair standing on a mound of grayish clouds, contemplating the nothingness before him.

"And when the Lord made man, He saw that man, too, was good. But, brothers and sisters, man did not stay that way; no! The Devil knew that man was what the Lord loved best, and he came up to tempt man so that there might be evil in God's newly made world from then on out. And because man was weak, he fell before the Devil's trickery. And from that day on, man has been wicked! Wicked! With sin and the Devil working hand and hand to keep man from the grace of God.

Oh, people, what a sorrowful day for us all when Adam fell."

Robbie shifted in his seat. He knew the rest of the story, and it always disappointed him that God had not given Adam a second chance. The evangelist, however, suddenly diverted from the history.

"And today we are still wandering from the paths God cut out for us. Look at yourselves. Created by the Lord Almighty, but how low, how low you have sunk. I tell you, people, we are all sinners! Sinners in the sight of Him who made us good, and who watches us daily fall before the temptations of our weak flesh and the Devil. But God doesn't blame it all on the Devil. No! He knows the pride of man, and He is going to punish man for his unrepentant heart. For God will forgive those who humbly repent, but to the wicked who do not, God will damn them to everlasting fires of Hell!"

With a crash, the evangelist's fist came down upon the Bible. He leaned over the pulpit and shouted vehemently, "Maybe you don't think you're wicked; maybe you don't think you're in danger. Well, let me tell you, people, there's not a one of you no, not even the least of you—that's free from the awful threat that the Lord has placed over you."

Robbie breathed deeply. He rubbed his hands across his trousers and wished some of the moisture could be transferred to his throat. The canvas swells seem to dip lower, pressing in and condensing the warmth until it almost smothered him.

"Hell-fire! Hell-fire is the punishment for those who do not repent of their sins against the Lord. Yes, and that's where everyone of you out there who aren't saved are going. Oh, I tell you, people, it's wonderful to be saved, to know that at the final day of judgment when the Lord comes forth in all His majesty to divide the saved and the unsaved—it's wonderful to know that He will take you up in his arms to glory

while He casts the unrepentant wicked into the depths of Hell."

Robbie's hand fumbled at his throat as he loosened his tie. The white-cloaked figure had little blue eyes which burned fiercely in the middle of the rampant silver locks, flowing over the trembling masses of humans who lay at his feet. With one sweep of his sinewy arm, he pushed them over the edge of an abyss from which came a ruddy glow.

"Oh, sinners, don't you want to be saved tonight? Don't you want to come down now, confessing how wicked you've been, telling the Lord how sorry you are for your sins, and accepting His pardon? Repent, repent, ye sinners, and ye will be forgiven." The blue eyes of the evangelist found Robbie's brown eyes and they locked for an instant. The man dropped his voice into a sad pleading. "Come and be forgiven."

Robbie felt a sob rise in his throat. Little droplets of sweat were running down his shirt collar making it limp and damp around his neck. His lips twisted open, but he made no sound.

Suddenly, the man leaned over the platform and shook his bony forefinger at the passive audience.

"You have heard now; and you who do not repent are doubly damned because you know of your sins and yet will not confess them. Repent, I tell you, before it is too late. Oh, sinners, listen, listen to me! There is so little time left! Leave off this wickedness of the world and come before your Lord saying, 'Lord, I am wicked; forgive me and save me from the damnation that awaits the unsaved.'"

Clutching the sides of his chair, Robbie swayed forward, feeling the mystical force of the eyes which had again captured his own. They pleaded, they threatened, they warned.

"Repent . . . repent . . . repent . . ."

From the corners of the tent, the words came back, hitting him over and over. Struggling to his feet, he pushed past Luther whose mouth

was open in amazement. Robbie felt the dry grass bowing before his stumbling footsteps as he came down the aisle, but his eyes did not leave the pale blue ones of the evangelist for an instant.

"Repent . . ."

Sinking to his knees beside the platform, Robbie clasped his hands together tightly. To his right, a woman in a soft colored dress clung to the platform, her tears falling steadily over her clenched fingers.

The preacher bent over him.

"You are sorry for your sins?"

Robbie moved his parched lips.

"Yes, yes. Please, don't let me go to Hell; please, I want to be saved . . ."

With a movement of his hand, the man silenced him. Then turning toward the people, he dropped it on Robbie's brown hair.

"Behold, another lamb comes for entrance to the fold."

The pressure of his hand became the pressure of the whole night to Robbie; the canvas dipped lower, until it fell over him and enclosed him completely, leaving only a soft blackness and heat, terrible, scorching heat . . .

Suddenly his mother's arms were around him, and he felt her warm tears breaking the dryness of his face and lips.

"Oh, sonny, sonny." She hugged him close, swaying against him as she knelt beside the platform. "Mama's so glad, so glad."

* * * *

II

The grass turned from yellow to brown, and the earth became harder. In the fields, the corn hardened on the stalks before harvest time, and the tobacco wilted before it could be primed.

The tobacco crop was unusually late and Robbie came home from school at lunch to help his father. His mother and two of his maiden aunts worked too, tying the gummy leaves on splintery poles as Robbie and Luther handed them up from

the loaded sleighs brought in from the fields by his father and a hired man from town. They worked until sundown, sometimes putting up lanterns in order to finish a sleigh after dark.

The poorness of the crop depressed his father, Robbie knew. Standing in the doorway of the barn, the man would shake his head as he peered into the heated darkness where the tobacco was turning from green to a golden tan.

"Bad year; bad tobacco. It's been too hot and dry."

Twice a week, Robbie and Luther stayed all night at the barn, tending the fires in the brick flues and watching the temperature inside the barn. The day before the market opened, they put in their fourth barnful. Robbie's father left the boys alone that night so that he could get some sleep before taking the first load of cured tobacco to the warehouse the next day.

Luther moved impatiently around the cleared space in front of the flues.

"Robbie," he finally dropped down beside the older boy. "I'd rather sleep in one of the sleighs. I can't find a place that's not lumpy to put down the quilts."

Shrugging his shoulders, Robbie pushed another log into the mouth of the furnace. "Go ahead, if you want to; but it's going to smell awful strong."

Luther got up and dumped his quilt into the wooden sleigh. "Oh, I don't mind." He turned around slowly. "Robbie, you got so you don't like to be around tobacco, haven't you? I've heard you griping about it a lot lately."

For a moment Robbie still squatted before the open flue, his eyes on the red-orange flames that licked against the aging brick. Then he moved back an inch or two and raised his eyes to Luther.

"Tobacco is an evil thing; I hate it," he said quietly. His brown eyes were steady and cold.

Shifting his gaze, Luther turned from the sleigh and sat down beside the other flue. He traced a circle in the loose sand, and then asked, hesitantly, a trace of embarrassment in his tone, "Why, Robbie? You didn't use to."

Again Robbie was silent. Then he picked up a broken root and began digging in the earth beside him.

"No, but that was before I knew the Truth."

"You mean after the tent meeting?"

Robbie nodded without lifting his face.

"The preacher gave me some little books to read. You know, I showed you one of them on 'Salvation.' I read another one on 'The Present Evil of Tobacco.' It was good; you should read it."

"But why did it say tobacco was evil?"

"Because people who smoke get into the habit; and then they begin to drink. And after that, they become drunkards, and are in danger of hell-fire."

Luther said nothing. For a short time both boys continued their separate tasks of drawing circles and digging in the sand. Then Luther sat up abruptly, brushing his hands together to shake off the loose grains.

"Well, I guess you're right; but if people stopped smoking, how would your papa and mine make a living?"

"The Lord made the land for other things besides growing tobacco," replied the boy.

"Then are we going to hell for growing tobacco?"

Robbie stopped and slowly met Luther's questioning gaze.

"I don't know," he answered somberly, "but I've been praying about it."

The younger boy breathed deeply.

"Robbie, you've—you've changed right much lately. You think funny things and talk about funny ideas."

"That's because I am saved."

"Does being saved make you not play your harmonica anymore?"

A look of sadness played over Robbie's tan face, made a deeper color by the red glow from the flames in the flue. He deliberately placed the root-stick into the fire.

"Singing and dancing are things of the devil; all singing except for hymns." Then he added after a moment's consideration, "And I can't play them on a harmonica. And the other songs are sinful."

"Even the songs you used to make up?"

"The only true songs are songs of praise to God."

Luther climbed over the side of the sleigh and lay down, pulling the quilt over his legs and up under his chin.

"Well, I still don't understand all about it. I guess that's why I'm not saved."

"No," replied Robbie. "You aren't saved because you don't repent."

"Oh," Luther murmured. Then, after a moment, "Robbie, how do you know when you are saved?"

"You feel very bad because you are sorry for your sins. And then you pray very hard, and the Lord forgives you."

"How do you know the Lord forgives you?"

"You know."

"And does it make you want to be good?"

"You know you have to try to be good."

"And how do you find out how to be good?"

"The preacher tells you; and you read things, the Bible and books. And you do the things they say."

Luther turned over on his side and was silent.

Robbie looked up through the door at the stars which were scattered thickly over the blackness.

"Forgive us, Lord, for our sins. And help us to be Thy workers," he whispered, and then pulling his quilt around him, he lay a long time watching the fire.

III

Luther and Robbie walked into the kitchen and put their books on the round oak table standing in the corner opposite the oil cookstove. Robbie's father was at the window, looking unseeingly across the brown meadow and leafless trees into the somber depths of the pine forest at the meadow's edge. Robbie's mother was rolling pastry on a wooden table beside the sink.

"I didn't know you'd come home, Papa," Robbie began. "Did you get the last load sold this quick?"

The man at the window did not turn toward his son.

"Yes," he said thickly. "The last is sold. We came on back this morning instead of waiting another day like we thought we would. Yes, the last is sold," he concluded with a sigh, shoving his hands down inside his pockets. "Sold."

Robbie looked from his father to his mother who had not turned around to greet him either.

"What's the matter?" he asked gravely.

They did not answer. Luther touched Robbie's sleeve. "I guess I'd better get on home. Daddy's probably back, too."

Robbie nodded. "See you later."

As the door closed quietly, Robbie began unbuttoning his coat.

"What's wrong?" he repeated. "Has something bad happened?"

The man shook his head. "Oh, I guess we'll live through it. Just hard to take sometimes. All that work for so little." He closed his eyes and leaned his head against his hands as they rested on the table.

"The tobacco didn't bring much?"

"No, just parity. And that was low. Been low for the last month. Nobody got much, really, though I heard the government had doled it out pretty fast. Nobody had enough to sell in the first place. Bad year; awful bad year."

Robbie walked over to his father's place beside the window. The late October sky was gray, lessening the

brilliant hues of the trees with leaves remaining on them. The sweetpea vines were entirely gone, and even the Rooster's Comb had long ago faded.

"How bad?"

"Oh, we'll make it; we'll make it. Cut a few corners here and there, but we won't starve or go naked." The man rubbed the table softly with his fist. "It's just that this is the third bad year in a row. The third one. Crops not worth a thing. Just too dry. Haven't made a decent crop in three years."

Lifting a pin tin with a thin layer of dough shaped delicately over it, Robbie's mother started toward the stove. "Well, it's bound to rain next year. It's bound to."

"I don't know," her husband replied glumly. "It didn't this year. Just keeps on being dry. I don't understand it. All this dry weather."

Robbie walked back across the room and picked up his coat and books.

"Where you going, son?" his mother looked up from the oven where she was placing the pie pan.

"Out a little while."

"Supper now in a little bit. Come on back. Don't stay long."

"I won't." He slipped on the coat, and walked out on the back porch. He looked across the field along the path that led to Luther's house but could see no one. Stepping off the porch, he began to run lightly along the well-trodden track.

He caught up with Luther at the edge of the pasture. The tow-headed boy was walking slowly, his eyes on the trail, his hands in his pockets.

"Forgot your books." Robbie handed them to him.

Luther accepted the stack and they continued along the edge of the pasture in silence.

Finally, Robbie stopped and sat down against a fence post.

"Luther, the tobacco didn't bring much money."

"I was afraid it wouldn't. The first

loads didn't sell for much, and I knew these last loads would be even worse."

"Daddy says its because its been so dry."

"Yeah. Too dry."

"And do you know why?"

Luther looked at his companion in surprise.

"Know why?"

"Why it was so dry."

"Well, of course," Luther shrugged his shoulders. "It didn't rain. . ."

"And why didn't it rain?"

"I don't know, I don't guess."

Robbie pulled up a clump of dead grass.

"It didn't rain because the Lord didn't let it."

"Didn't let it?" Luther echoed in amazement.

"He didn't let it." Robbie shook the dirt off the roots of the grass. "The Lord is punishing us for growing tobacco, because it is evil."

"Oh, Robbie, that can't be."

"Then why doesn't it rain?"

Luther said nothing. He stood contemplating the somber-eyed boy at his feet.

"Robbie," he managed at last.

"Robbie, do you really think that?"

"Yes."

"Oh," Suddenly, Luther dropped to his knees beside his friend. "Robbie, what's going to happen?"

"I don't know; but I guess the Lord will keep on making it not rain until the people repent and give up their struggle against His Will."

"Do you think they ever will, Robbie?"

"Maybe. After they have been punished enough."

"Are you going to tell your parents that that is why it isn't raining?"

Robbie shook his head. "They won't listen to me. I'm going to wait."

Luther buried his head in his knees.

"Oh, Robbie—" He stopped.

The boy leaning against the post

tossed the grass he held over his shoulder.

"They will repent someday. And then it will rain again."

* * * *

IV

There was no snow that winter until January; and then it came in a blizzard that lasted three days. Robbie watched the sleet fall and freeze on top of the eight inches of snow, forming a crust which almost bore a man's weight. For two days he fretted at the window, seeing the oak trees in the front yard get a cover of ice and snow. He wanted to see Luther; they had been apart for almost a week now. Finally, on the third day, came release. The skies were still gray, but nothing fell from them. The whiteness of the snow was dimmed by the lack of brilliance from above.

Robbie left the house after lunch and crunched through the field, where only a few dry stalks of corn appeared above the snow. His boots only slightly punctured the icy top layers of the drifts as he wound his way through the trees.

There was an old-fashioned sleigh in front of Luther's house. Robbie recognized it as Judge Barnes', and its presence puzzled him slightly.

As usual, he opened the back door without knocking. He stood inside the warm kitchen, letting the heat from the oil stove re-awaken his chilled features. On the electric range a tea kettle breathed noisily, sending a spout of steam into the red-and-blue trimmed organdy curtains at the windows.

The door from the dining room swung open to admit Luther's mother. She held a basin in her hands and had a white towel thrown across her shoulder.

"Robbie." She stopped. "When did you come?"

"Just now. Where's Luther?"

The woman looked at him sorrowfully. Then she turned to the range.

"He's sick, Robbie." There were tears in her voice. "I'm—afraid it's

pneumonia." Her voice sank lower. "He kicked out from under the covers night before last, and when we found him yesterday morning, he was awfully sick." She lifted the kettle and poured some water into the basin.

"Pnuemonia?" Robbie walked up to her.

She nodded. "Dr. Nelson thinks so. He came yesterday afternoon, and he's back now. In the Judge's sled."

"Oh," Robbie watched her remove a clean towel from the rack and turn back toward the door. "Can I see him?"

"I—don't think you'd better, Robbie. He's not awake very often, and sometimes he—isn't himself. But you can come upstairs with me, if you want to."

Robbie followed her obediently up the flight of stairs. At the door to Luther's room, she stopped and gestured toward an old sofa which stood at the end of the upper hall.

"You can sit over there," she whispered. "I'll come back later and tell you how he is." She turned the knob and went in.

Not much heat found its way up to take the chill from the hall. Robbie bunched up his long legs under his chin and sat down, staring at the closed door.

A few minutes later it opened, and a slight, leathery-faced old man came out. "Robbie." He crossed to place his hand on the boy's head. "Would you like to see Luther now? He's asking for you."

Robbie nodded.

"Yes, please."

The doctor turned to the door and opened it to allow Robbie to enter first.

Luther lay flat on the white muslin sheets, only his head visible above the blankets. His mother was seated on a low trunk on the side of the bed farthest from the door.

Kneeling by the bed, Robbie touched his friend's forehead.

"Luther."

The sick boy's eyes opened. They

were dark and deeply shadowed. He moved one shoulder in recognition.

"Luther, I'm sorry you're sick; I would have come sooner, if I had known."

There was no response from the boy on the bed.

"Your mother says you are very sick."

The woman looked up in surprise. Luther met Robbie's eyes steadily; his face mirrored no expression.

"So I think now you should decide," concluded Robbie.

Luther's thin lips parted. A muffled sound gurgled in his straining throat. For an instant, terror twisted his face into an unfamiliar mask. His mother clutched at the edge of the bed.

"Decide what?" she asked hoarsely.

Robbie turned his face to her, his eyes earnestly regarding her suspicious features, his voice calm and commanding.

"Luther has never been saved," he explained without emotion. "We have talked about it, but he has never decided he wanted to. Now I think he must be saved before he dies."

The woman stared at Robbie in horror.

"Who said anything about dying?"

"My grandmother died with pneumonia," replied the boy, unflustered by her concern. "So do a lot of people."

Luther lifted one arm, trying to push back the covers.

"Son." His mother reached over and put her hands on his trembling shoulders. The sick boy pushed against her, making a feeble effort to lift himself up to Robbie.

"Robbie." The weak cry took his breath.

The doctor, who had been standing silently by the doorway, grasped Robbie's arms.

"You'd better go now."

Robbie faced him coolly.

"But first I must pray with Luther."

"What?" The woman stood up now, swaying as she clutched the bedpost. Luther, freed from her restraining hands, sat up with a burst of desperate strength.

"Robbie, help me!"

Before either adult could move, Robbie was leaning over Luther, his eyes blazing.

"You are a sinner, Luther. Before the eyes of the Lord you are wicked, and you shall be condemned to everlasting fire unless you repent."

Hysterically, Luther's mother lunged forward, pushing wildly at the boy leaning menacingly over her child.

"Get out of here. Get out!"

"But he must be saved!" Robbie shouted.

Grabbing Robbie firmly by the collar, the doctor dragged him away from the bed. Although the boy was taller than he, the man managed to get him to the door and shove him out into the hall. Luther screamed as the door slammed shut.

"For Pete's sake, what are you trying to do?" The doctor muttered viciously, pushing Robbie down on the sofa. "Do you want to kill him? He's sick enough already without your ranting."

Lifting his burning eyes to the man's angry face, Robbie replied firmly, "Luther must be saved."

"Well, you just sit back and let me do it," the doctor turned back toward the sickroom. "Stay out here. Don't you dare come in again."

The gloom of the hall deepened as the snow began to fall again outside. Robbie went to the narrow window at the other end of the hall to watch the big flakes come down unhurriedly.

It was almost dark when the door opened again, and the doctor reappeared, the leather of his face cracked into a maze of lines. He walked up to the waiting boy, an expression of hopelessness deepening the weariness in his eyes.

(Continued on Page 22)

THE TALE OF THE BOSKY RABBIT

Once upon a time, in a kingdom by the sea, there lived a bosky rabbit. He was very unhappy because he was the only bosky rabbit that ever had been, and as far as anyone knew, ever would be; and no one would associate with him. All his brothers and sisters had been oppressively normal in a rabbit sort of way. And all the other rabbits he knew were just like his brothers and sisters. He alone was bosky.

At first he hadn't minded so much. He rather enjoyed seeing everyone scamper away in terror whenever he confronted them unexpectedly. His uniqueness made the bosky rabbit feel very distinguished indeed. But it wasn't long before he began to desire a bit of fellowship. He would liked to have walked up to the most ordinary rabbit and to have asked him in a ceremonious way if his health were in the best of shape or if he had seen the latest issue of the *Hutchian Review*. But the bosky rabbit was universally shunned. Even though he put up with this situation for awhile, soon he couldn't stand it any longer. Any sensible rabbit would have retreated into an ivory-fitted and chromium-plated nest; but the bosky rabbit became quite furious about the whole thing. You might even say that he was hopping mad.

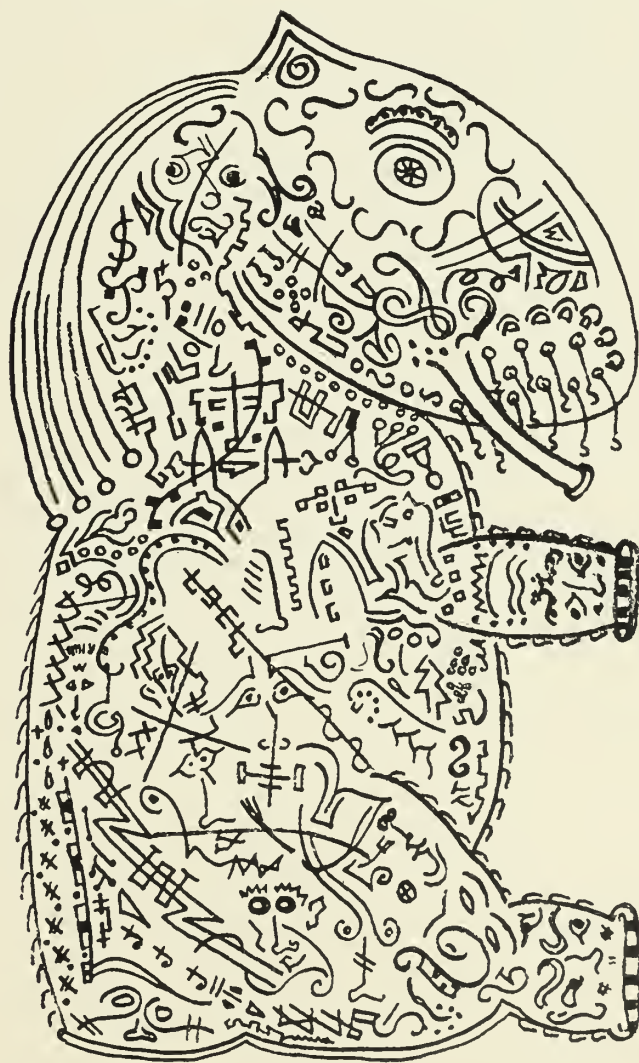
He set up an idol in the shape of a mirror in a convenient aspen grove and, kneeling before it, vowed vengeance on the whole rabbit tribe. Finally he conceived a diabolical scheme. He would build a trap into which a passing rabbit would fall. Then he would toss heavy rocks into the trap until the helpless victim was crushed to death. The bosky rabbit lost no time in putting this plan into effect. He killed so many

rabbits that the rest of the inhabitants of the kingdom by the sea begged for peace. They promised to give him whatever he wished if only he would stop.

The bosky rabbit decided that he would take the kingship and let it go at that. But even after he had assumed the throne, he never could

seem to work up a conversation on the state of a subject's health or discuss the latest issue of the *Hutchian Review*. His subjects were so overawed by his position as king that they were struck dumb in his presence.

The Moral: Nobody loves a bosky rabbit.



—Story and Illustration by John Doeblner

Three Poems

The young secretaries rush to the little park
To eat their lunch.
They sit on the grass in their green oasis,
Closing their eyes to hide the traffic's crawl
And the implacable stone buildings
Symmetrically inlaid with gleaming glass.
Against a bare leg the grass tickles and tempts,
And fingers cautiously run through it
Touching the moist softness.

We sit but a wall apart,
The vastness of the night between.
Beyond the lamp-shed arc of light,
In the blackness that curls around,
At the very limit of my vision,
Your being hovers, an elusive vapor
Swaying in the silent shadows.

Was time the same when I was young
As it is now?
The years have shrunk to a film of breath
Lingering on a window
In the cold of winter.

—Rubin Battino

THREE BOOK REVIEWS

Under Milk Wood by Dylan Thomas
(February *Mademoiselle*.)

By JOAN B. HILL

It is fitting that *Under Milk Wood* be first published at this time. It is a verse play about life in a Welsh village, Milk Wood, which is like Dylan Thomas' own village of Laugharn in Wales. *Under Milk Wood* brings into direct reality the kind of life from which Thomas came, as John Malcolm Briinin says, "to startle the imaginations of readers throughout the English-speaking world; this is the land to which he has returned." The latest revisions of the play were not completed before Thomas' tragic death on November 9th; but in spite of this, the play does not suffer.

Dylan Thomas has been called the modern Keats. Both poets have a definite lyric quality and both of them love beauty and goodness in humanity and nature above all else. Thomas' lyricism shines most clearly. He strips words of their worn out and dull meanings in everyday speech and injects into them freshness and vitality and new meaning. In the sentence "Young girls lie bedded soft or glide in their dreams, with rings and trousseaux, bridesmaided by glowworms down the aisles of the organ-playing wood," or in the phrase "as the women scratch and babble," or the words "wetnosed yards" he seems to be speaking directly from the "roots of Being." His combinations of words and the intensity of feeling in this play are similar to the devices that Gerard Manley Hopkins, an early twentieth century poet, used throughout his poetry. Hopkins seemed to be looking and describing from the *inside out*, also. That is

Hopkins' idea of "inscape"—getting into an object to find out about it. What perceptiveness Thomas had, and how beautifully and imaginatively the feelings are expressed! Music seems to run throughout *Under Milk Wood*. If the play is read aloud, the words linger in the air long after they have been spoken and their meanings faded out.

Thomas loved all humanity. *Under Milk Wood* is concerned with Welsh humanity, the people with whom he lived, and from whom he got his inspiration and his philosophy, and whom he deeply loved. The characters in the play are reminiscent of people Thomas knew. Perhaps Mary Ann Sailors, who dreams of the Garden of Eden, is one of the characters in whom Thomas puts a great deal of his own feeling about life and his love of mankind and of Wales. There is a "God-built garden to Mary . . . Who knows there is a Heaven on earth and the chosen people of His kind fire in Llareggub's land. . ." Captain Cat, the blind sea captain, is one of the narrators of the play. He is an objective observer of the other characters. Thomas created him as the essence of Welsh tradition in the tiny Milk Wood and the essence of a life on the sea. (Thomas respected the sea so, it became a symbol of life in much of his poetry.) The captain is blind and retired; he lives in the past, in tradition—in "sea-memory"—but when the "dawn inches up . . . who pulls the townhall bellrope but blind Captain Cat?" Reverend Eli Jenkins also says good morning to the "tiny dingle" of Milk Wood, with a prayer to the day and the hills and the waves of the sea, and "a greenland sermon on the innocence of men."

Under Milk Wood has no plot,

with the usual character-development and incidents climbing to a climax. There are no divisions of acts or scenes either, but instead anonymous voices speaking intermittently throughout the play, either giving short descriptions of Milk Wood at some particular point, or giving further information about a character. The play opens with a voice and it describes the "spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black." We first see Milk Wood from far away; it is a typical objective description of a quaint village. The voice says "come closer now" and the view is particularized. The ten or so characters in the play, who are representative of the people of Milk Wood, are then introduced. They speak in their sleep and we learn what they are like, in preparation for the next time they appear in the play. After the "darkest-before-dawn" period the light comes. The town is still sleeping until Captain Cat pulls the bellrope. Then the town awakens to a sunny spring day and the rest of the play could be considered the tour of Milk Wood—seeing and meeting the people in their native landscape. The people are beautifully and sensitively drawn, and, although most of their speeches are relatively short, we can tell exactly what aspect of Welsh life Thomas wanted to bring out in each of them. The play ends, just as it began, with night, "a second dark time this one spring day," and the villagers are asleep. *Under Milk Wood* tells a great deal of how Thomas lived, and of the Welsh people and Welsh life in general. That knowledge is of major importance because, for one reason, it is necessary in understanding his poetry fully.

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The Glass of Perseus, by Wesley Trimpi (Allen Swallow, Denver: \$2.00.)

By FRANCIS FIKE

The Glass of Perseus is volume nine in the *New Poetry Series* now in progress, a series of first books of verse introducing new poets. Wesley Trimpi has studied at Stanford University under Yvor Winters, and is now at Harvard working on his doctorate.

Both a practicing poet and critic Yvor Winters has repeatedly maintained the validity of the poetic tradition exemplified in the best poetry of Jonson, Greville, and Donne. All of these poets practiced poetry as a serious, disciplined craft. They wrote careful, logical, rational poems using the conventional devices of rhyme and metre. Their poems are often monuments in form; they exercised great inventiveness in stanza construction and combination of line lengths. They wrote none of the "flight of fancy" poetry with which the later Romantic period abounded. They were interested in *understanding* their experience, and they wrote with this end in view. All of their best poems are adventurous explorations ending in meaningful discoveries.

Wesley Trimpi has accepted these ideas, and the poetry which constitutes this first book is evidence of their successful application. *The Glass of Perseus* contains thirty poems; not a small number, considering that this is the author's first volume of poetry. Those who do consider thirty a lack of quantity will find compensation in quality. Subject matter ranges from abstract intellectual concepts—"Contingency," to mythology—"Pygmalion," and to places—"Cape Cod." Aside from these three categories, there are poems addressed to painters—"To Giotto" and "To El Greco," and descriptive poems such as "The Piano" and "The Glass Swan."

Each of the poems is an investigated experience. One feels after

reading these poems that one's own experience has been enriched and illuminated. Each investigation is done rationally and logically, with controlled but intense feeling. The first poem of the book, entitled "Affection," typifies the careful precision so characteristic of all the poems:

Untaught and frail,
We come to love: betrayed
By will and change, we fail.
Desires intend;
Only when choice is made,
We comprehend.*

Other admirable qualities about this poem are the economy of statement and simplicity of language.

All of the poems evidence a metrical skill that has long ago passed the apprenticeship stage. Mr. Trimpi shows equal facility with dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter—in tightly disciplined stanza form—pentameter in couplets, or blank verse. In "Leda," for example, dimeter is used skillfully:

Leda release
The sensuous swan;
A god's caprice
Is quickly gone. . .
Trimeter, in "Search for Perfection:
To Orpheus":

Your lyre became your voice,
Denied by all until
Pluto perceived the soft
Compulsion of your will. . .

Tetrameter, from "The Dwarf":
Affliction is affliction's shield;
None can forgive the shrunken
bone;

Distress within itself is healed,
And misery must stand alone. . .
Blank verse, from "The Growth of
Perseus":

On the granite floor
Mother and infant trembled in
the cold;
Dreaming, she saw in the god's
wide sunfilled eyes
Europa lashing the white bull's
back and Leda

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Dazed by the furious strokes of the
swan's white wings. . .

Or a combination of the first three,
from "Song":

More rare than knowledge is the
heart

It moves, and so,
Desiring both, I seek that part,
Which I may know

Of you, where certainty
And peace shall comfort me. . .

The metrical perfection of these examples is duplicated in the remainder of the poems.

All of the descriptive poems reveal a sensitive descriptive ability. The first stanza of a poem about the Adirondacks will serve as illustration:

The spruce are dense above the
lake.

A thick, gray driftwood, sharp and
bent,

Margins the shore with heavy
lines

The overhanging aspens shake
Their dry, deciduous sediment

Into the cool, reflected pines. . .

The words paint a complete picture for the reader, and at the same time reveal perceptivity and understanding on the part of the poet. One of the most effective of the descriptive poems is "Los Gatos Hills," which begins,

The vineyards cast a shade when
the dark wine

In seasonal consummation of the
vine

Bears its autumnal sweetness to
the ground. . .

then continues with this sensuous description, which never lets sensuousness overcome meaning. Describing the hills, the author uses the autumn oaks as a point of departure for a reflection on the necessity of mutability in his own life:

Older than these, perception is my
aim.

Shadowed in change I must discern
its ways—

Intricate motion where the passion
strays—

(Continued on Page 24)

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD, Vol. 1: The Formative Years and the Great Discoveries, 1856-1900. By Ernest Jones, M.D. 428 pp. New York: Basic Books.

By DAVID TORNQUIST

It is difficult to speak of this book without attempting to wind out phrases "in the grand manner." One statement may suffice: Ernest Jones is one of those rare individuals, so fortunate for the strength of a culture, who, while at the fore of an important non-literary profession, is yet able to write with the excellence necessary to record accurately and perceptively an event or series of events important and interesting to civilization as a whole but, because of their obscurity, generally inaccessible to that civilization.

The aim of the work, stated by Jones in his preface, is (1) to record the facts of Freud's life while they are still accessible and (2) to re-create as far as possible the personality of this genius. Jones has the equipment of the good biographer: an intimacy with the facts, a detachment from them, and, of course, the writing ability we have mentioned. His method, that of focusing first on the personality and treating the works as product of it, seems an obvious choice, but perhaps its soundness is not so easily won. Let us consider these three elements of biography—aim, equipment, and method.

On what grounds can the serious biographer suppose his recording of the facts of a man's life and the re-creation of the man's personality to have a more lasting importance than vague "interest"? He would be the last to deny that it is the works of the genius which are of greatest importance to the world. He must frequently have the feeling that the facts of the life might better be left to die with the man. And, certainly, because the life of a great man holds for any of us a certain vulgar "interest," if for no other reason than that

"things must have happened to him," a host of biographies are written which, because they exploit this interest, might better be interred from the start. Indeed, the process of interment does usually take place with a devastating naturalness, even though successors rise up with the same natural necessity. But, considering the complementary parts of Jones' aim under one head, this biography of Freud satisfies interests of which no one need be ashamed. Jones gives up a full picture of the moral and intellectual climate of the Viennese, and even the European, medical world in the last half of the 19th century, the climate in which the "great discoveries" were made, all the more interesting because its resistance to Freud's contributions seemed to give them even more validity. But most important is the personal life and mind of the genius. Freud's was not a spectacular life, but it was one of universal significance. His enormous struggles to find the key to the "life within" are exemplary of the noblest effort possible to man, to become conscious of himself. We find here, if we had not already discovered it in the works themselves, that Freud, far from being the inhuman monster bent somehow on the degradation of the human spirit that he is sometimes supposed to have been, was himself the utmost embodiment of the human spirit. In re-creating this personality Jones has traced the struggle of universal man in the genius to whom the sword was given. There is not even a question of justification.

Jones has made excellent use of three bodies of fact which are worthy of mention: his long personal and professional relationship with Freud; his psychoanalytical acumen, which is not in itself a body of fact but in utilizing seemingly insignificant facts actually does contribute knowledge; and, third, a wealth of Freud's correspondence, both personal and professional, which was put at his disposal by the Freud family.

We must consider the first two of these sources together, since this portion of the biography barely reaches the period of Jones' personal acquaintance with Freud. As we have learned, the basic patterns of a personality undergo little change after the early years. If Jones has not used *directly* in this volume his own knowledge of Freud's personality, his indirect use of it was indispensable in elucidating the years before. Jones has made of his psychoanalytic knowledge and skill an extremely valuable biographic tool, which he uses with the utmost perception. This Freudian interpretation, for which the book has, we believe, been criticized, seems not to effect a doctrinaire distortion but to add to the elucidation of Freud's personality in the same way that Freud's theories have brought much to light about the common human personality; Jones' skill in his own field was a tool with which he was neither heavy-handed nor clumsy.

The correspondence, from which Jones quotes frequently, was possibly the most important body of knowledge for the period of Freud's life which this volume covers. This correspondence was not available to previous biographers, although a few books of Freud's other correspondence have been published. It was mainly from these unpublished letters that Jones was able to reconstruct the long period of Freud's engagement to Martha Bernays, his future wife. This chapter reveals in Freud's personality a romantic strain hardly less wild than that of Goethe's Werther, whose experience was unavoidably recalled in reading this passage.

Jones' choice of method, which he successfully made, presents a problem only in the biographies of men who have in their works partly revealed themselves. We refer specifically to literary biographies, which often make the mistake of taking the work of the man as the body of

(Continued on Page 26)

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Divine Right of Kings

(Continued from Page 6)

metaphors and situations could be mined from the divine right quarry, and Shakespeare was not one to abandon so rich a source until he had worked it rather bare. But *Richard II* is not all. It is difficult to see, for instance, how anyone could read *Richard III* without at least suspecting that Shakespeare had reservations on the subject. Indeed, we should be altogether surprised if some poor soul had not long since gone the full way and written a treatise on the idea that *Richard III* is in the end nothing more nor less than a parody on the divine right theme. The idea that this horrible grotesque of a man is an agent of God to be obeyed regardless—the idea is absurd. But then you will say that the sixteenth century mind was quite capable of such a non sequitur.

This is the evolution which we detect in the history plays: as a young poet impressed by the splendors which he had glimpsed in his contacts with court life and entranced with the poetic opportunities which the idea offered, Shakespeare accepted the divinity of kings much as one accepts, emotionally, a religious myth, all the while aware in the deeper, rational reaches of the mind that the thing just is not so. As he progressed through the cloying richness of *Richard II* to the economy of *Henry IV*, he seems to have lost his faith in the theory somewhere in the process. What now impresses him is not the awful majesty of a king and the sacredness of his anointed state but the troubles which the king as a *man*, an especially important *man*, has—among them the rather homely problems of a father and his unruly son. And as he moves on to *Henry V*, he becomes aware that the king's state is not so much one to be feared as to be pitied. He perceives its terrifying loneliness, its responsibility. Granted, he does not loudly deny the divinity of kings. He has better sense than that. He

probably would never reach the point to which Milton came in claiming, “. . . to say kings are accountable to none but God, is the overturning of all Law and government.”¹³ The revolutionary mind is not Shakespeare's. Perhaps he continued to believe that the monarchy, as an institution, was somehow divinely empowered to rule; but he comes soon enough to see that individual kings are only men, who when they disrobe are naked, who can know fear, to whom the violet smells as it does to all men. The question of divinity is no longer very important. Now he is involved with problems of the human heart and mind, and political theories play small roles in those places.

13. Milton, p. 11.

The Tent Meeting

(Continued from Page 16)

“I don't know what you've done,” he said evenly, defeat flattening his tones, “but that boy in yonder is desperately begging for you. He's delirious, of course; I can't do anything with him.”

Robbie did not turn from the window.

“Now, listen,” continued the physician. “I want you to go back in there. But let me warn you; you are to do nothing to excite him any further. I am holding you strictly accountable for your actions.”

Outside, a few drops of snow fell on the ledge of the window and slowly turned to water as Robbie watched silently.

Quietly, the boy faced the old man.

“The Lord will be with me.”

Before the brown-eyed boy's intent gaze, the doctor dropped his eyes, helplessly.

“My God,” he muttered to the sofa. “He's crazy.”

Luther was awaiting Robbie's entrance, a flush of excitement color-

ing his transparent cheeks. His mother again sat beside the bed on the trunk, staring numbly at the figure lying under the tightly-drawn blankets.

"Robbie . . ." The blanket moved slightly.

Dropping to his knees near Luther's head, Robbie put his fingers on his friend's damp forehead.

"I have been praying for you," he said softly. "I hope you have too."

Luther licked his lips.

"Yes," his voice trailed off weakly. "Robbie, I want to—"

"Are you sorry for your sins?" Robbie was stern, trying to imitate the tones of the preacher. "Do you repent of them?"

The boy on the bed nodded.

"I am sorry, so sorry. . ." His parched lips closed.

"Then the Lord will forgive you if you believe. Do you believe?" He leaned forward to catch the reply. "I believe."

Robbie lifted his eyes and folded his hands.

"Lord, this sinner comes to you, repenting of his manifold sins and asking your forgiveness. Have mercy upon him, have mercy upon him."

A strangled cry came from Luther's mother. She put her head in her hands and began weeping softly, the tears streaming down her lined face. The doctor stood in the corner, his body sagging.

"Pray, Luther. He is listening."

The sick child's lips moved soundlessly. Tiny drops of sweat popped out across his brow. Finally, he gasped.

"I can't. I'm so tired."

Rising, the older boy sat on the edge of the bed.

"You must try."

Again the lips moved.

"Forgive me, forgive me. . ."

Luther's eyes closed, and he seemed to shrink into the depths of the mattress.

Robbie looked down at him compassionately.

"Luther."

The blond-fringed lids opened.

"Am I saved?"

"Yes, The Lord is with you, forever and ever."

With a sigh, Luther's head turned away from Robbie.

"Now it will rain, won't it?"

Robbie got up from the floor.

"It already has, Luther. Look." He walked to the window and held back the curtains. "See. Snow. Inches and inches of it. And when it melts there will be water. Soaking into the ground for days and days. Then the ground won't be hard or dry any more."

Luther's eyes rested on the wide stretch of whiteness shining before him in the gloomy twilight. Quietly, the exhausted boy turned his face back to his mother and slept.

* * * *

V

Robbie walked downstairs the next morning, buttoning his heavy wool jacket over the clean white T-shirt he wore for an undershirt. The sun made a spectrum out of the cut-glass sugar-bowl on the oak table, the colored rays falling in a tiny rainbow across the polished top.

His father was already at the head of the table, a mug of coffee smoking beside his red-ringed plate.

"Good-morning, daddy."

The man looked up, years mirrored in his eyes.

"Good-morning, son."

Robbie's mother came in from the back porch carrying a dish of honey. She stopped when she saw him standing in the doorway. For a moment, she seemed to waver without unity of body and mind, fighting to recognize him, to know him again.

Then dropping the bowl on the table she sat down and burst into tears.

Robbie looked questioningly from one parent to the other. His father shifted his gaze away from the searching brown eyes.

"What's the matter?" There was humbleness, amazement, concern in his voice.

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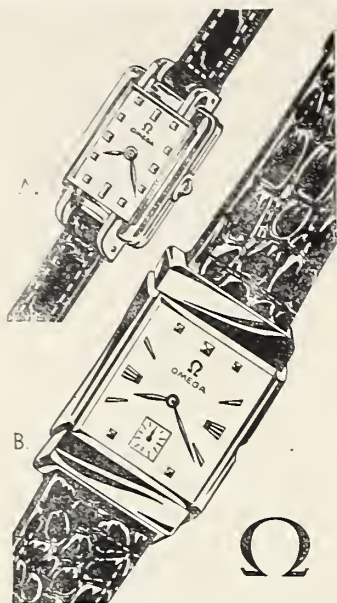
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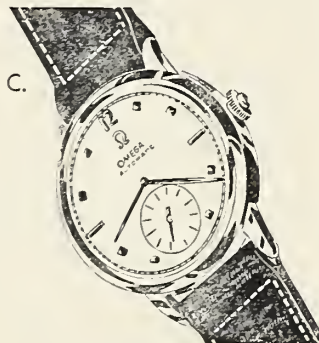
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"Robbie." His father began and then halted suddenly. "What did you do at Luther's yesterday?"

Instantly alert, Robbie walked to the table and sat down.

"Nothing. I went to see him."

His mother buried her face in her arms.

"Luther's mother came over here early this morning. She was very disturbed—she said you had done something to upset Luther yesterday," his father explained quietly, watching the boy's face keenly.

"Oh."

There was a brief silence broken only by the woman's weeping.

"What did you do, Robbie?" His father's voice was grave.

Two pairs of brown eyes met, one innocently, the other worriedly, seeking a common ground of understanding.

"I prayed with him, Daddy. And he was saved."

The man's eyes wavered and dropped. He fingered the coffee cup nervously. The woman lifted her face and stared unbelievably at her son.

"You—he—what?"

"God saved him, Mother. Like I was saved."

His parents looked at him and then at themselves.

"Robbie," began his father. "Luther died last night."

Robbie said nothing.

"He died after Doctor Nelson brought you home. His mother came over to tell us this morning."

The boy continued to sit without speaking, his eyes on the rosy sugar-bowl.

"Robbie," said his mother in a strangled voice, "Robbie, do you understand? Luther's dead." Her voice ended on a note of hysteria.

"Yes," he raised his dark brown eyes calmly. "But that's not bad; he was saved."

Dylan Thomas

(Continued from Page 19)

As a work of art it is a superb piece. All the freshness and mobility of Thomas, along with his powerful imaginative insight, are in the play. The style is original; the play moves rapidly, as a cloud might puff swiftly by—but the experience ends too quickly. Similarly Thomas' experience of life ended too quickly, but through this play, as through so many of his truly great poems, an experience which must be a part of our lives begins for us.

Wesley Trimpi

(Continued from Page 20)

Lest I see nothing move, and the shade bury

All individual growth, and nothing vary.

This is somewhat in the manner of inscapist Hopkins, but surpasses Hopkins in that it has no shallow thought or violent emotion; it is calmly revelatory, and that insight which is revealed has a profundity that consummates the poem perfectly.

The myths that are used in the poems are always made meaningful and fresh by the author's interpretation. One of the most moving of the mythological poems is "The Growth of Perseus," the only narrative poem of the thirty, from which the book derives its title. The poem begins with the birth of Perseus:

Sired by Zeus in a barren tower,
unseen

And without sound, out of a sudden blaze

Perseus was conceived. . .

then continues to recount the early growth after Perseus and Danae,

Swung in the cold swell of an empty sea,

Conducted to a shore, rocky and foreign

Beneath a wash-cut slope where shrunken cattle

Sought the sparse grass, they found another home

And another king. . .

THE END

THE ARCHIVE

And in this new land, Perseus
 . . . grew till perception
 Became his growth; unwilling to
 discern
 Where certainty was solitude, he
 lived,
 Rude and idle in the ignorant
 household
 Of an imperceptive lord. . .
 Aided by the gods, he grew in wis-
 dom and power, and at length en-
 countered Medusa:

. . . Perseus murdered her,
 And knew he could not look be-
 yond his glass:
 Hard with intent, he watched the
 emerald heads

Plunge and lift in her deep fuli-
 ginous eyes.

The "glass", in which Perseus is
 forced to look to direct his actions,
 seems to be symbolic of *experience*.
 He may not look beyond the glass;
 man may not look beyond experi-
 ence. This idea is underlined earlier
 in the poem by the lines

He saw and knew, and yet per-
 ceived that there

Were things he could not see, nor
 ever know.

Thus we have a declaration of limita-
 tions of experience and human abil-
 ity. And yet the poem suggests also
 that even thus limited, man can ac-
 complish much; Perseus, using his
 intelligence and guided by experi-
 ence, slays Medusa, and thus achieves
 his destiny.

The careful artistry of these poems
 makes the style difficult to define.
 There are no eccentricities of syntax,
 meaning, or metaphor. The quality
 of the poetry that makes it uniquely
 that of Mr. Trimpi lies in the inven-
 tiveness of stanza form, originality of
 phrasing, and to the sensitive ration-
 al interpretation of experience. Such
 a style cannot be anatomized in so
 many words. It is better revealed
 than explained, and for this reason
 the following poem, entitled "Con-
 tingency," is quoted in its entirety:

Interminable contingency,
 Impending and immediate,
 Yours is the touch I almost flee

And almost seem to consummate,
 Finality is so severe:
 Unknowing and remorse repeat
 An old irrevocable fear
 Which leaves intention incom-
 plete.

Still mutable and still afraid
 To move beyond what I can know,
 I seek to be what I evade
 In terror of becoming so.

The artistic flawlessness and ration-
 al-emotional impact of this poem
 typifies all of the rest. There is little
 to be said in the way of unfavorable
 criticism here. This is poetry as near
 to perfection as poetry can be.

The last poem in the book, "Ex-
 perience," deals with the idea of
 poetry as investigation of experience,
 and makes a fitting poem with which
 to close the volume:

The incense burns
 My hours and leaves
 A white coherent form.

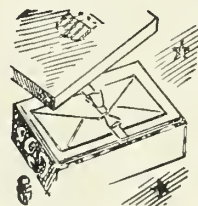
No longer warm,
 Its ash still shapes
 Feelings, intense
 Or brief, in memory.

They altered me;-
 Now through new days
 I alter them:
 New motives govern all
 That I recall.

Breath stirs the ash,
 Which, falling, renders,
 Or sharp or sweet, the scent
 Inconsequent.

The last line is assumed to be ironi-
 cal. It is irony arising from the
 knowledge that what is good is often
 —today nearly always—neglected for
 fads or thrills of the moment. Today
 readers neglect the best in poetry for
 the worst; neglected, the best poetry
 then becomes "inconsequent." This
 is, regrettably, true. Yet readers who
 neglect the poetry in *The Glass Of
 Perseus* will deprive themselves of
 the aesthetic experience common
 only to great poetry. These poems
 are *not* "inconsequent"; Wesley
 Trimpi has struck deep to the root
 of his experience, using the great
 traditions of English poetry, and the
 result is an art of beauty and power.

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The poems in the first volume evidence lyric talent and craftsmanship that are unequaled by any modern poetry with which this reviewer is familiar. If he continues to duplicate the achievements of this first volume, Wesley Trimpi will undoubtedly gain an eminence in American poetry that is second to none.

THE END

Freud

(Continued from Page 21)

biographical fact and attempt through an analysis, or, more often, a maniacal ploughing, of the work as through a veil to shed light on the man's life; but the light is invariably either dim or too clear, and no method is likely to achieve a more complete distortion. It is a fatal mistake that Jones had managed to avert in this biography.

The word which describes every aspect of this first volume is "solid." On the basis of this solidity we have reason to expect the remainder of the work to be every bit as excellent.

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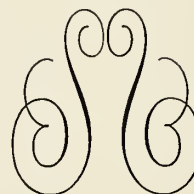


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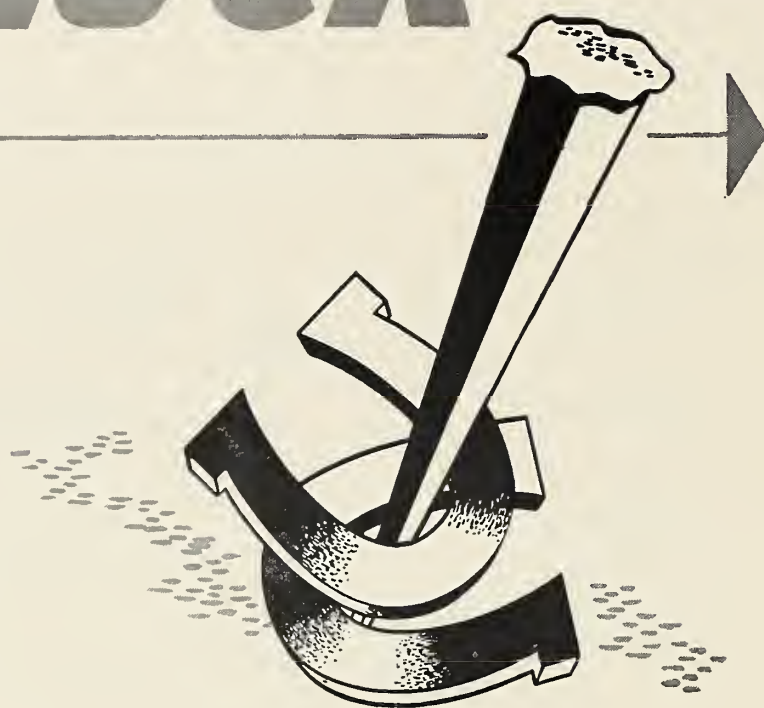
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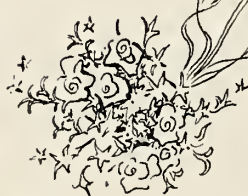
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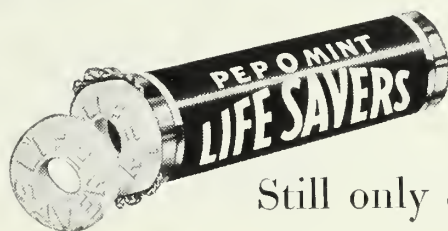
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THE ARCHIVE

*A Literary Periodical Published By
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FIFTY CENTS A COPY — TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Better Off Dead

by Avilda Peters

The clean white sheet rubbed cold against Danny's young body, so penetratingly cold that a shiver shook him momentarily. He crept further down into the deep four-poster, hesitantly, as if he expected the piercing coldness to take shape and nip his toe.

He heard his father's step on the bare creaking floor in the narrow hall. The bedroom door opened abruptly and his father's bulky figure stood silhouetted against the light flooding in.

"Don't wanta catch you with the light on late again tonight. See to it you remember. Hard day 'head tomorrow. Understand, Danny?"

"Yes, Pa. I understand. G'nite."

The door closed, muffling his father's reply. Danny listened to the heavy steps echo down the other end of the hall, heard the slam of a door, and he was alone in the silence and darkness of his room. It was a rather large room, but then it was meant for two boys, not one. His older brother, Lenny, was gone for good. Danny supposed to heaven. He'd given it a lot of thought, especially late at night when alone in the big room they'd shared together. He felt if there was a heaven Lenny would sure be there. Lenny was the gentlest person Danny had ever known. He'd be there, all right.

He slipped further down under the cover, snuggling under the few thin blankets and the good thick patched quilt. The quilt had been made by his mother and Lenny used to tell how his mother would sit in this very room and sew on the quilt, piece by piece. That was when Lenny was sick in bed for a long time, before Danny was born. She finished

it just about the time Lenny was well again. From what Lenny had said she must have been terribly pretty. But then fragile too, dying in childbirth like she did. Another shiver went through him and he was finally warm.

He wasn't sleepy. But then he'd never liked the early-to-bed hours of a farm although born knowing them. Sleep was a waste of time. He'd much rather read one of his books, maybe the gray covered one he'd discovered in the bottom of Lenny's old army trunk—the trunk that had been sent back with some of the belongings of a dead soldier. He and Lenny had always agreed that an unread book was better than a new colt. But if his Pa saw the light on it would get him in plenty of trouble.

Outside the wind snarled around the back side of the wooden frame house as though it was trying to catch hold and pick it up. The house made the sharp odd noises that farmhouses always make at night and for a long time the creaks of the house and the howls of the wind were the only sounds.

It was a different sound that woke Danny. The wind had died down some, now only lightly lashing the windowpane. A faint continuous squeak, unlike the rumblings of the house, caused Danny to sit up, pulling the quilt up and around his shoulders.

The squeak continued, louder, mingled with the steady cllop of a horse. Danny's toes touched the floor and he slipped across the room to the open window, dragging the quilt behind him.

The half moon had come out momentarily from the dark, low clouds. It brightened the twisting dirt road that made a neat, crooked pattern across the wide frozen fields and rolling hills. Winter had killed the life of the fields and their deathlike quality was intensified by the raw, bitter cold. Through the forked branches of a naked tree Danny saw a small wagon moving over the narrow bumpiness of the road toward the farmhouse, its wheels creaking, pulled by a large gray horse, old yet still lively.

Danny watched, the chill in the room forgotten, as the wagon rolled to a stop at the gate and the driver pulled the chain which swung the entrance open.

"Jebb. Jebb Scott. Are y'up, Jebb? Ha-loo. Ha-loo there."

The voice was strong and clear and the wind carried a faint echo. Danny watched the figure hitch up the horse and walk rapidly up under the dead, brown trees, stooping now and then to avoid a low branch ensnaring his jacket.

"Jebb. Ha-loo. Wake up, Jebb."

Danny recognized it as Joe Perry, a farmer who lived down the road near the village. He swerved away from the window, ready to run tell his father, when he noticed the light seeping under the door and heard heavy footsteps going down the stairs. Didn't take much to wake his pa, he thought. A light or a voice in the night. Didn't much matter.

He tiptoed across the floor and opened his bedroom door quietly. He had to squint before his eyes grew accustomed to the light, although the only light came from one rather dim lamp on the hall table

and from another his father had switched on downstairs.

"Jebb, I tell ye I seen him. Don't know how he got here, but I run out quick as I knew. Think you better go with us. A group rounding up to search him out 'fore he shoots somebody."

The two men stood as though frozen to the spot at the bottom of the stairs, looking each other square in the eye. Perry's face was flushed and he hadn't taken off his heavy jacket. He just kept looking at Danny's father, breathing heavy and fast.

"What'll we have to do, Joe? Kill him?"

His father's wide back was turned to the stairs, but Danny could see the black revolver in his hand, the revolver usually kept in the drawer next to his bed.

"Don't rightly know, Jebb. Might. We couldn't ask it of you, Jebb. Wouldn't do that. Just think y'-oughta go. Don't have to. But he's plumb out of his head, Jebb. Plumb batty."

His father suddenly sank down on the stairs, shaking his head, his hand rubbing the sides of the black revolver.

"Lord—, Lord—. I knew he was no good. Always so stand-offish, acting like he knew more'n anyone else, never liking to work. He never said it, but I knew. Him and his books."

Danny scooted into his room, afraid that he might be seen. But he didn't close the door. He had to listen to the strange talk of the two men no matter how frightened. He was filled with dread and he didn't know where it came from, nor why. He just wanted to wake suddenly and find it morning, and he knew he wouldn't. This night was strange, but no dream. It was as real as the night his father had come back from the village and told him Lenny had been killed by the Germans. There had been no grief in his voice, only coldness. He had said there would be more work for Danny after that

on the farm. And Lenny's name had never been mentioned again.

"I'll go, Joe. Reckon I have to. He ain't ashamed me enough. He had to go 'scape from that nut house. Better off dead, I figure it. Better off dead. Be ready in a minute, Joe."

His father's voice sounded broken and rough. Danny heard the two men slowly walking up the stairs, saw two shadows leap across the steps and loom large against the floor. He shut the door softly and held his breath as the steps paused by his door and then moved on.

"You gonna let the kid know where yer going, Jebb?"

Danny reached for the knob, his heart hammering, his whole body shaking from the chill in the room. He pulled the door open slightly.

"Naw. He's asleep."

Down the other end of the hall his father was pulling his boots up. The revolver glinted, thrown carelessly on the bed.

"'Sides, Joe," he gave a hideous laugh, unlike anything Danny had heard before. "Danny needs sleep for chores. He ain't like Lenny, y'know."

A poem is a poem,
And that is all.
A book is a book,
And that is all.
The decline
And the fall,
The enthrall
And the vine
Are man's own call
To dull or shine
On each white page
With taste of age.

—Rutledge Parker

Me and Danny, close as two peas. Yes sir, close as two peas. Always knew Lenny was no good. Guess there always has to be one bad sheep, right? Ain't nobody's fault, eh Joe?"

He zipped up his jacket, slapped his friend on the back.

"Ain't nobody's fault, Jebb. Just the war and bein' different anyways. Still a boy too. Not your fault, Jebb. We 'member how you tried to get him working, make him a real man. Not your fault he went plumb batty."

Danny closed the door. The two men passed without another word by his room and down the stairs. Soon he could hear the wagon rolling out of the gate, the clang of the entrance as it swung shut, and the clop of the horse pulling the wagon over the bumpy, twisting road, squeaking and creaking.

Danny lay still for a long time. Hot tears wet the pillow, but he did not sob aloud. Lenny's been killed, Danny . . . There'll be more work for you now . . . Me and Danny, close as two peas, always knew Lenny was no good . . . Better off dead, I figure it . . . Better off dead. Better off dead.

He suddenly needed something to hold, something that belonged to Lenny. The trunk. The book. He'd get the gray covered book, the unread one. Better than a new colt, they'd agreed.

He got out of bed and opened the door. The house was no longer in darkness. The first gray of day was showing through the small upstairs window and Danny walked slowly to the other end of the hall, into his father's bedroom.

The trunk stood in an obscure corner of the room. And on the bed lay the black revolver, forgotten, intended for Lenny. The morning light made it glint and shine. Better off dead. Bullets that were intended for Lenny. Better off dead.

He turned and walked towards the trunk.

SORT OF QUEER

by jack edmonds

I didn't know Mike hardly at all; like the rest of my cousins, I saw him every Thanksgiving and sometimes at Christmas or Easter. He is three years older than I am. For a long time, though, his parents had been asking my parents to let me come visit with them at their home at the beach. So finally one summer I did.

The other times I had been at private beaches the homes had been white, squat, little cottages—you know—like most beach homes with a new, temporary look, with bright colored borders to all the windows and the same color roof. Mike's had a high, steep roof made of black slate. It was a pale yellow, frame house with a big porch that went around all four sides. Beside the house, under a huge oak tree, was a double swing that would hold four people. In front of the house a steep terrace sloped down to a stone wall, a narrow beach, and the salty bay.

Our arrival at the beach was a reunion for Mike. There were a dozen boys and girls, and all of them were excited to see him. He had not seen many of them since the summer before, but they had been a close group, and he was obviously their leader. Most of the boys were already very dark, and they had slight blond streaks in the front part of their hair. Their neat, husky bodies, clothed in nothing but tacky bathing trunks and weird sailor hats, looked as if they would be appropriately dressed for any occasion. I felt ashamed of my pale, skinny body.

The first people Mike took me to visit were the two girls that lived right next door to his place. The

oldest was beautiful and you could tell she liked Mike a lot. After that we met the gang of boys and swam and had a battle by dividing up into two rowboats. I had never done so many different things without grown-ups around. Later on we went over to the girls' house. We spent most of the time with them. In the evening the four of us listened to phonograph records and played a card game which they knew but I didn't.

The younger girl and I sort of paired off together. She was pretty too when you didn't compare her with Mike's girl. His was taller and slimmer and browner and her hair was black instead of ordinary brown. But I liked the other girl all right. I was surprised that she seemed so interested in me; I was kind of shy about it and held back. I would have known more about how to act if I was as smart as I am now, but I wasn't. We danced some but neither of us was any good at it.

The best part of the whole day was late at night, as late as I ever stayed up, when we went over to sit in Mike's swing. The air was still hot as in the day, but now it moved and felt cool against our sweaty bodies. Red, green, and white points of light shined from far out on the bay, and a sliver of moon cast on the water a fuzzy, yellow path that aimed right at us. The smell of the sea that had seemed bad at first now was somehow warm—like people—and natural. The big house was all lit up inside and we could barely hear the music from the radio and the talking and laughter of the grown-ups. There is something good about muffled, happy sounds in the distance—that is when it's quiet up close. The

sounds seem like they're all for you but they don't dare blare out, like they want to, for fear that they will intrude on something secret, something very important. This is as well as I can explain it. It's much better than that, but it's hard for me to tell about.

Another girl came over to the swing. She was much older than the four of us. She wasn't very pretty—she had red, stringy hair and too many freckles to be cute—but she was friendly and she told us lots of stories about the grown-up things she had done. She gave me my first cigarette that night. I was proud of myself as I saw my new girl friend's eyes watching me breathe the fumes. The swing swang and each time it swang over to one side my head seemed to swing just a little farther. I must have felt the way a person does when he is drunk.

In spite of all the things to think about, I went right to sleep that night. Mike woke me in the morning. The main thing happened while we were getting dressed. Mike asked me, "Why do you have red polish on your toenails?" His question took me by surprise. I had forgot all about the nail polish; I just hadn't paid any attention to it. "You see," he said, "the other guys don't know you very well yet, and—well—they thought maybe you were a little queer or something. Of course they . . ." A little queer or something. And I had forgotten all about it. I lied to him. I told him that I was wearing the polish to win a bet. I even made up details. Then we both laughed a little. I wasn't really wearing it for that reason. I wasn't really wearing it for any reason. I remembered going into my parents' bedroom and finding the nail polish on my mother's dressing table. Then I just started playing with it and putting it on my toenails—I don't know why. When Mike mentioned it I felt stupid. It wasn't curiosity that made me do it

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I just love these hot fudge sundaes, don't you? Especially when they have a lot of nuts on them like this one.

Here comes Kathy Kirby. Well, she's cute, all right, but—Of course, I really shouldn't say anything because some people might say I was only jealous or something. You know how people are. But I'm sure you wouldn't even think anything so utterly ridiculous. Anyway, don't you think she's just a little cheap looking? I don't know why, but there's just something about her—and she's practically skin and bones! Just like my Uncle Tucker used to say, give me a good old-fashioned girl with some flesh on her instead of these skinny modern creatures. No ma'am, you don't catch me dieting myself down to a scarecrow! I intend to stay as healthy-looking as I am.

Of course, I don't think it's just her scrawniness that makes her look like she's sort of slinking along. As I always say, you can tell a lot about a person's character and actions just by looking at them, and that Kathy certainly bears witness to it. I don't like to say it, but I've heard quite a few things about Mr. Selby and her since they've been going together. Oh, not that I'm real shocked or surprised by it, understand. Why, the other day I heard her tell Miss Caine—you know, that flighty-looking blond over on the left side of the office—just as big as you please that her family had moved out here from East St. Louis, you know what kind of place that is, and her father runs the Capital Cafe down there on Broad Street. It's practically a saloon, I understand. But just like I say, you can just about tell a person's background by the way they look.

That must be a lot the reason Mr. Selby was attracted to her in the first place. Like wants like, I always say. I do believe his tastes run along the line of passions of the flesh. I guess he just completely misjudged

Don't Forget

The Nuts

by lynn williams

me that time he took me out. I certainly don't think I ever gave an impression of being fast, or anything like that. Heaven forbid, not with my bringing up!

What happened to Mr. Selby and me? Well, I know you've wondered, and probably all the rest of the girls in the office too. I really would like to tell you. I think it helps sometimes to get things like that out of your system, don't you? But I think I better have a chocolate malted while I talk. It really is hot today, and it makes me so nervous to talk about it, or even think about it. Oh, waitress, a chocolate malted, please—yes, extra thick.

Mm, this is simply delicious. Don't you want anything? Eating is really such a comfort to me sometimes when I get nervous or depressed. A lot of people smoke, I suppose, but Mama says none of the Miller girls ever have, and I certainly wouldn't want to break a family tradition. I think it looks kinda cheap, anyway, for women to smoke, and I really don't have any desire to take up such a useless, dirty habit. Oh, I may have gained a little weight lately, but not a whole lot. Besides, I still think it pays to be healthy. "Keep up your health, Amanda," Mama used to say, "and beauty and fortune will take care of themselves."

Oh, yes, you wanted to know about Mr. Selby. Well, I remember it was on a Tuesday, the first Tuesday in June, to be exact, when I first thought he was taking any notice of me, special notice, I mean. I was sitting there eating my lunch—let's see, for Tuesdays I usually have peanut-butter-and-jelly and

chicken sandwiches, and chocolate cake, and always a double chocolate malted, of course. I've been fixing my lunch ever since I started working in the office. Saves so much more time and money than if I was to run downstairs to the drug store or something. Well, anyway, I was sitting there, just as prim as you please, eating my lunch, when in walks Mr. Selby. He just plunked himself right down on my desk and commenced talking to me about one thing and another, the weather and things like that. All while he was talking he just kept fooling with the rosebud I had sitting in the little vase on my desk and wouldn't even look at me—like he was afraid of me or something.

I decided that he must either want to come courting or something like that, or else he wanted me to do some extra work and was trying to work up to asking me. Anyway, I had a lot to do and couldn't sit there all day waiting, so finally I said, "Did you have something on your mind, Mr. Selby?"

You should have seen the way he turned all sorts of colors! I was a little embarrassed myself, just because I felt like he was. But I just sat there and waited for him to answer and finished my malted as if I didn't suspect a thing in the world. And then he says, still fiddling with the rosebud, "Miss Miller, would you like to go out with me some evening soon?" He stammered around some, but got it out, and I must confess I was a bit impressed since, after all, I haven't had any beaux to speak of while I've been working at the office. Of course, I've always kept thinking, the gentleman for me is

going to come along one of these days, and I'll just know it when he does. That's the way Mama said it would be. A lot of girls get a little discouraged when they reach twenty-seven, but not me. I enjoy being a career woman until the right one does come along, and thank heavens, I've got my health, which is a big part of being young, I think.

But I was still pretty glad he asked me out. So I said, "How would you like to come over on next Sunday afternoon for tea? I'm pretty sure Mrs. Bartrum, she's my landlady, will let me have the parlor." Mama has always told us girls that when a young man wants to come courting, the proper thing is to ask him in for tea to meet the family. So I figured that since I board here in Kermit all by myself—you know, my family lives at Tyler—well, the least I could do was to have the tea party, anyway.

He looked as if he didn't know exactly what to say, so I just went on talking. "I'll give you some of those little cream puffs and eclairs I make so well," I said. "I really do love to cook better than anything—and sew too, of course." I do like to do those things every once in a while, although I'm not so very good at them; but I think it pays to have a man think of you as domestic.

Anyway, he just perked right up and said sure, he'd be delighted to come, when he heard about the cream puffs and things. And to tell you the truth, I got right hungry myself just thinking about them. So he said he'd come Sunday at half-past three and went on off and left me sitting there, planning as to how I'd ask Mrs. Bartrum to make the cream puffs and eclairs for me, because she can probably do it so much better, don't you know, and besides, I didn't figure I'd have time, what with working and all. I got so carried away thinking about how nice I'd entertain Mr. Selby and everything that I got a little behind in that afternoon's work and had to rush to

catch up. I didn't even get to go out for coffee and doughnuts the way I usually do in the middle of the afternoon, but I didn't mind so much because the funny thing was that I didn't feel too hungry.

Anyway, you can just imagine the state I was in, come Sunday. I do think Mr. Selby's right attractive, don't you? But, of course, looks don't mean a thing. It's a person's character that counts, I always say.

Well, he was there right at three-thirty on Sunday afternoon, and I met him at the door and took him on into the parlor. I looked right sweet that afternoon, if I do say so myself. I had on that pink dress with the ruffles that Aunt Fanny made for me last spring. It really makes me look kind of slender, especially when I wear a girdle, which I did, of course. Besides, I guess I was a little slimmer then. To tell you the truth, I've gained about fifteen or twenty pounds since then. But, gracious, it's been about two months, and, of course, you know the doctor told me to keep my strength up because of those terrible asthma attacks I have every once in a while. Good health guards against everything else, I think. Anyway, I thought I looked pretty nice in that pink dress and with my hair fluffed up a bit around my face. And I think he thought so too, from the way he looked at me.

He came on in and sat down on the sofa in the parlor, and I gave him some of Mrs. Bartrum's cream puffs. He actually ate more of them than I did. Mama always says a lady should display a dainty appetite around gentlemen. He talked about how delicious they were, and they really were real good. But I never did tell him that Mrs. Bartrum made them instead of me. We girls have a right to our little secrets in the game of love, don't you think?

Well, at first it was a little stiff because he seemed a little shy or something, but pretty soon we got to talking and we found out we were

interested in a lot of the same things. Why, he was up at Lake Weehinna-pay just one year before I was. So, of course, I showed him my scrap book, and we had a good time looking at that.

You just wouldn't believe how fast time went by then, and pretty soon we were both hungry so he suggested we go out to supper. That sounded like a pretty good idea to me, and I thought it would be all right to go out with him since I'd had him to my home and all, or rather to Mrs. Bartrum's parlor, which is practically the same thing. So we walked down to Lupi's and had steak, and French fries, and I don't know what all. It was so good. The whole time he kept talking about how he wasn't too important in the office now, but how he hoped to get a raise soon and thought he had a lot of good ideas. And I agreed with him right along because, you know, I do think Mr. Selby's a right smart man.

Well, after we ate, we decided to go to the show. I wanted to see "The Blue Veil"—I do love shows I can cry in. He had already seen it, but he said he'd be glad to see it again. It was so good! During the show he sort of reached over and held my hand. Of course, I don't approve of demonstrations of affection in public, mind you, but I really didn't know just how to get it away—he kept squeezing it every so often—so I just left it there and tried not to notice. Afterwards we went to Kipling's Confectionary for a sundae. They make the best marshmallow butterscotch combination! Then we walked back to Mrs. Bartrum's. It's only a few blocks from Kipling's, and it was a beautiful night so I hardly noticed when my feet began to hurt a little. It was June, you know, and there was the best feeling in the air. I don't know how to explain it, but it gave me the strangest feeling, but a good kind of feeling too.

(Continued on Page 20)

Of Masks and Poses

A view of Hamlet

by Tallulah Brown

In addition to the obvious and "in context" meaning of Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," the line contains a clue to much of the action in *Hamlet*. In this play all the leading characters don the mask of the actor in staged attempts to deceive or catch their fellows off-guard. Each character, at one time or another, has a part to play, a deception to enact. The most obvious job of acting is the "antic disposition" put on by Hamlet as he tries to prove the ghost's revelation and dupe the King. This pretended madness involves Hamlet in a series of shams; he finds himself acting from a multiplicity of motives; for as different people try to uncover the cause of his madness, he presents a different source to each. To Guildenstern and Rosencrantz he uses thwarted ambition as the cause of his indisposition. "I lack advancement," he says, and compares himself with a silly horse as he begins a proverb, "While the grass grows . . ." These two childhood friends of Hamlet are easily fooled; they believe Hamlet truly mad and accept his ambition as the cause. Thus in this scene Hamlet is successful in his role.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are not merely spectators of another's acting. They themselves have a part to play—but they prove less convincing in their roles. Though they pretend to be just casual visitors, Hamlet senses that they have been sent for and forces an admission from them. He mocks their acting,

"There is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color." Poor Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—their secrecy is so unsuccessful that it sends them, innocent, to their graves.

Hamlet finds an eager, receptive audience in Polonius and easily convinces him that his madness springs from unfulfilled love for Ophelia. Polonius' disbelief in a pure and noble love favors Hamlet's pretense, and he hastens to assure the King that the Prince, "repelled . . . fell . . . into the madness wherein now he raves." Polonius, in his turn, is a man of many faces; for he plays the humble, subservient chamberlain to Hamlet, disguising his attempts to disarm him. He assures the King that, as the lowly father, he has warned his daughter that Hamlet is out of her star, while he really cautions her against being compromised; he acts the proud and trusting father of Laertes, but he sends spies to investigate him. Polonius proves only middlingly successful; for he is frequently regarded, as Hamlet dubs him, one of "These tedious old fools."

Hamlet tries to convince his mother that he is "but mad in craft," but here truth is less successful than invention, for his speech with the invisible ghost as well as his murder of "A rat, a rat!" leaves her with no doubt but that he is "mad as the sea and wind." The Queen is accessory to pretence also, for she disguises the real reason for her son's trip to Eng-

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—Illustration by Carolyn Cather

The Easter Bunny Brings

"Go ahead Daughtry, your father wants to see you." Miss Green's mouth looked soft. It was no longer crisp and stiff like her white uniform. She gently pushed Daughtry into the room. It was dark, but its familiar clean smell reassured her. She walked across the carpet. Her little white shoes sank noiselessly down in its greenness. She moved toward the big bed with the round lump in the middle. The sheet covered the lump. It looked like it was covering a barrel. It rose up over a stomach and chest and lay smoothly on the mattress where someone else's legs and arms would have been.

Daughtry put a white shoe on the rail and pulled herself up onto the bed. She leaned down and kissed the head on the pillow. It turned slowly to look at her.

"You're sick, and Mommie's crying. Miss Green says you can't tell me any stories either. I think they're going to take you away to the hospital."

"Yes, Daughtry," The voice sounded strange and little. Daughtry drew back. "I've got to go to the hospital. Take good care of yourself and remember that you don't owe the world or anyone anything. You didn't ask to be born."

Daughtry's daddy didn't come back from the hospital. They had a big party at the house a few weeks later. Only it wasn't a good party like the Jones' had. Nobody laughed, and they all whispered, but lots of people came. It lasted all day, and some people even came the day after. Mrs. Jones stayed the whole time. Daughtry liked Mrs. Jones, but she had said something very wrong to one of the ladies that came to the party. Daughtry had heard her say

that it was a blessing that her daddy was dead. That was why he hadn't come back from the hospital. He was dead. It was very wrong of Mrs. Jones to say that. He told her stories about slaves and people who had to do things they didn't want to do. Sometimes he even told her about the war.

"Your daddy was sick when he said that, Daughtry. It doesn't mean anything."

You don't owe the world or anyone anything.

I owed Jane a nickel for a candy bar. We went to the movies. The world is round. It sits on top of the victrola. I live in the little green part.

"We'll play I'm your slave. I have to do every thing you say. Everytime you speak to me I have to salute."

"Slaves don't salute, stupid. They kneel."

"They do too. My daddy told me they did."

"No, I won't go to Sunday school. I don't like to kneel down and pray."

"Daughtry, that's a wicked thing to say."

Witches are wicked. They make little boys and girls bake cookies, and the cookies are other little boys and girls. I'm wicked. I don't want to kneel.

The world is round. I live on a little dot in Georgia. Georgia is green. I owed Jane a nickel. Mommie owes the bank, but I don't owe the world anything.

"And what did the Easter bunny bring you, Daughtry?"

"He brought me a barrel with eggs in it."

"A barrel! Why Daughtry, don't you mean a basket?"

The whistle blew. "Class dismissed."

The girls broke their lines in front of the baskets and raced for the locker rooms. The floor of the gymnasium vibrated from the pounding of their rubber-soled sneakers.

"Daughtry,"

Daughtry stopped and walked back to Miss Brock.

"I think you'd better stay awhile this afternoon, and practice shooting. You owe it to your team."

Daughtry automatically glanced over to the bench where her books lay. On the top was *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*. She had carried it to classes so that she could stare at its green cover. She hadn't dared to open it all day, but once at home alone in her room she could finish it.

"Daughtry, did you hear me?" Miss Brock's voice sounded impatient. "I think you owe it to your team." Miss Brock was holding a ball. When Daughtry looked back at her she threw it. Daughtry spontaneously reached out to catch it. The impact stung her hands. She held it a moment.

You owe it—the ball was round.

Daughtry dropped the ball and ran. She left Miss Brock, her books, and the gym.

At home in her room she dived onto her bed and cried. She was afraid because she was little and ugly, and she had freckles on her face. She didn't want to play basket ball for the team. She didn't want to go to Girl Scout meetings. She didn't like saluting the flag with three fingers, and working for badges, or going to Sunday School.

I promise to do my duty to God and my country. Why wouldn't people leave her alone? All she wanted

Eggs In A Barrel

by Laura Hoppe

to do was to be alone and to read.

She remembered a room with a green carpet and white sheets where she had heard stories about strange people in never-never lands who didn't do any of the things they didn't want to do. Little red-haired girls always escaped from their nurses and went there.

She wasn't crying any more. She was tired. She got up and pulled down the covers of her bed and climbed in under the white sheet. She drew her legs up and slept in a round lump.

The globe sat on top of the victrola. It was round like a ball. She owed someone a nickel once.

"Daught, aren't you coming to pledge meeting?"

"Does it look like it?" Daughtry lay on her bed in her slip. "Listen to this Kate. I've found something great." She picked up the book beside her.

I think I could turn and live awhile
with the animals—

they are so placid and self-
contained.

I stand and look at them sometimes
half the day long.

They do not sweat and whine about
their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark
and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discuss-
ing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is
demented

with the mania of owning
things,

Not one kneels to another nor to his
kind that lived

thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or industrious
over the whole earth.

"Lovely, Daught, but if you don't

come to meetings you're not going
to get initiated. You can't see Ben
tonight. You're campused."

"I'm not coming tonight, Kate.
Run along. You'll invoke the wrath
of the gods if you're late."

Kate closed the door behind her,
and Daughtry jumped up and stood
before her dressing table. She smiled
at her own image in the glass as she
combed her hair. The freckles were
gone, and her hair was a deeper
red. She was smiling because she was
beautiful and because she was
Daughtry who did just as she liked.

A little later she was running
down the dark lawn behind the dor-
mitory. She slipped through a
hedge and stepped out into the road.
A motor started, and headlights
flashed on. Daughtry ran to the car.
The door opened, and she climbed
in.

"Daught, you crazy girl, I didn't
think you'd really come. Are you
sure you know what you're doing?"

"You do worry so, Ben. Just leave
things to me. Did you really think
I'd rot on campus for three days just
because I was ten minutes late?"

"I don't want to get you in trou-
ble, Daught."

"Are you going to worry all
night?"

"All right. Where'll it be?"

"You know I'm in love with you,
Daughtry."

"Why on earth, Ben?"

They were sitting in a booth in a
dark corner. Ben had blown out the
candle.

"Because you're different, darling.
You're an individual. You haven't
let this damned society we live in
roll you into conformity like most of
us have."

"Ben, I want to hear some music."

"Are you trying to change the sub-
ject?"

"No, I just want some soft music
to enjoy this all by. It's so wonder-
ful it needs music."

Ben smiled, and reached in his
pocket. "Do you have some change?
I'll get some when the waiter comes
back."

Daughtry opened her purse and
emptied her coins onto the table.
Two nickels and a fifty-cent piece
fell out. Ben reached for the nickels,
but Daughtry's hand covered them
and returned them quickly to her
purse. "Use the fifty cents."

"The machine won't take it,
dear." Ben looked puzzled. "But
here's the waiter."

Ben got some change and put it
in the juke box. He came back to
the table and moved in with Daugh-
try on her side of the booth. "What
are you saving your nickels for,
Daught?"

"Ben, do you really love me?"

"I love you Daughtry. Why is that
so hard to believe?"

"Run along, Kate, you'll be tardy."

"But Daught, you'll be debarred
from the class if you cut again."

"It doesn't matter, believe me."

"No more classes, and no more
people telling me what to do. It's too
good to believe. I'm so happy, Ben."

"I love you, Daughtry, because
you're different. You're an indivi-
dual. You haven't let this damned
society roll you into conformity like
most of us have."

From where Ben sat he could look
into the kitchen over the pile of
dishes in the sink. He drew in a
deep breath half expecting to smell
the odor of garbage. A roach crept
out from under the stove and skur-

(Continued on Page 22)

VANITY FAIR

A Personal Reaction

by Reynolds Price

As criteria for the judgment of any work of art, one might well revise and adapt to his own use something on the order of those principles which Coleridge set down in his *Biographia Literaria* as "a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance." Any work of art which I can call great must be found to exhibit certain characteristics:

1. It must be uncompromisingly faithful to truth and to the nature of things.
2. It must arouse pleasure, for the aim of great art is to please.
3. It must exert an undiminishing attraction. Great art is not that which the sensitive man considers once. It is that to which he returns with deepening pleasure throughout his life.

It is by these principles that I must judge Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, a novel which since its publication in 1848 has received the general accolade of discerning critics. One usually hears the novel called great and mentioned in the august company of such panoramic novels of society as *War and Peace*, *The Human Comedy*, and *The Remembrance of Things Past*. I cannot call *Vanity Fair* great. I cannot find from my experience with it that it satisfies any of the three personal criteria stated above. It is neither pompously nor dogmatically that I state my opinion; but *Vanity Fair* deeply offends my personal concept of the high purpose of art, and I must try to show why.

Is it possible to say that *Vanity Fair* is faithful to truth and to nature? In a distorted sense, yes. It records a series of observations, delivered without compassion, of a world of men and women who range from utter moral depravity to an almost equally despicable and maudlin sentimentality. There are such people, and thus one might say that Thackeray has drawn his portraits from a very real segment of life. But no where—thank God—is there a world composed entirely of such specimens. There is not in the whole of *Vanity Fair* one character for whom I can feel love or pity or admiration. There is not one breath of clean air or health in that whole vast wasteland.

The only pleasure which I could conceivably derive from the novel would be in admiration of its architecture and style. Thackeray is a magnificent technician, but technique is not enough to draw me back to *Vanity Fair*. Indeed, it is in something like horror that I reconsider the novel for the writing of this essay. If the choice is mine I do not think that I shall ever read it again. I shall try not to think of it.

I do not argue for any Pollyanna view of life or literature. I am aware of the existence of wrong, of tragedy. Yeats wrote, "We begin to live when we have conceived life as tragedy." I have attempted to justify *Vanity Fair* as a tragedy. In measuring it against Aristotle's definition of tragedy, something like this emerges: *Vanity Fair* is the imitation of a grave and complete action of a certain magnitude in language with all pleasing ornament. But here the parallel collapses. The characters and incidents of *Vanity Fair* can arouse no pity (it is certainly possible that fear might be evoked), and nothing resembling catharsis is achieved. One might be misled into calling Becky Sharp's fall a tragic one. It is an awesome spectacle like Satan's, but like Satan she finally becomes ludicrous in her plight. There is none of the grandeur of the Great Sinner Fallen about her—none of the baleful magnificence of a Medea, a Cleopatra. The fate of Dobbin is little better because, I am afraid, Dobbin is a put-upon fool. He proves toward the end that he at least has a moral sensibility; but he sets it aside in marrying Amelia, a gesture which, though penitential, is hardly noble.

The final question then is this: if *Vanity Fair* represents Thackeray's honest, passionately held view of human life is not the novel's existence justified? I must answer for myself—no. For I have not found life to be what Thackeray would have me see. There are classics of despair in world literature—*Job* and *The Wasteland*, to name two—but even these indicate a means to a significant life.

Thus I am forced to reject *Vanity Fair*. It is not true. It is not tragic. Concealed under its façade of social amenity is a human viciousness of the most awful kind. Chekov observed in one of his letters,

"Let me remind you that writers who, we say, are

for all time, or are simply good, and who intoxicate us, have one common and very important characteristic. They are going toward something and are summoning you towards it, too, and you feel, not with your mind, but with your whole being, that they have some object . . . The best of them are realists and paint life as it is, but, through every line's being soaked in the consciousness of an object, you feel, besides life as it is, the life which ought to be, and that captivates you."

Thackeray leads one *toward* nothing; he rather abandons his reader in the backwaters of a black pessimism to escape to truth and light as best he can. There is not the least glimpse of life as it ought to be; there is not even a picture of life as it is.

I pity Thackeray that he came to see life as he did. The tragedy of *Vanity Fair* is not that of its own loathsome people—mean little insects that they are—but that of its author. I can only feel that English literature would be a prouder thing did its annals not include a *Vanity Fair*.

In triumphant gray procession
On my soul of woe,
Companies of stately angels
To their heaven go.
Bearing what I could have done
In a long, locked box.
Leaving what I did in state,
Chanting unrelenting spurn—
And my heart's still flaming ashes
In a silver urn.

—Reynolds Price

BURYING ISLAND

by Virginia Hillman

Burying Island lies a little to the left of center of an un-named lake near the northern shore of Maine. It's a good forty-minute row to the mainland, if you're in good health and can keep up a steady pace. From a distance the island is a barely distinguishable black dot and the water hugging close around it, blacker still. The nearest town is fifteen miles down the coast, Elsworth. Standing on the small, rocky beach of the mainland and looking across the water that separates the two, you can see the island take shape before your eyes. Distance by water is always farther than it looks. Tall fir trees of the deepest green stand out occasionally from the mass that covers the island, jagged and flat rocks lead the eye in and out along the shoreline like the gnarled and creeping roots of a gigantic tree. An isolated lookout tower stands high in the sky at one end of the island, and on fishing days, when the catch has been good and the sky is clear, great white gulls circle and wheel low over its top. When the rain comes, the gulls sink down and nestle in the small crevices and niches of the rocks. The pin-points of water, as they cut through the veined sky, do not touch their feathers, but ping off the rocks above them. Down near the water's edge the sands have been built into a round hump. Tall spikes of cattails and grasses grow from the top, and a rotting log lies half submerged under the sand. Tied to the log is a large dingy equipped with two big oars, a coil of rope and a wide-mouthed can for bailing. Visitors to the island can use the boat; but they are few, so it is generally used and kept up only by Russ and the Perrins.

Jules Perrin and his wife live over on the mainland all year round. They keep an eye out on the island, and their dog barks at strangers. Once in a while Mrs. Perrin will send a fresh pie across the lake with Jules when he goes to fish with Russ. Russ first came to the island about ten years ago when it was nothing but wilderness and there were brown seals in the lake. He had heard of the legend of Burying Island, of how the Indians had lived there in the trees and eaten the fish and berries. The story had died down until Russ caught wind of it and came rushing up one rainy weekend to poke around. He didn't find anything, but he fell in love with the place. He lives there every summer now. Once he came up during the winter. He had to skate across the lake. Russ likes to work outdoors; when he first came, he dug up the ground and built two log cabins with stone fireplaces spreading the whole length of the one room. He built lean-tos, covering the roofs with tender green birch bark. He cleared out little beaches, dug the steps leading up from the main beach and sank earthenware pots deep in the earth for iceboxes. He was pleased with his work. The island was his sanctuary, and he knew every inch of it.

There is an air of peace and quietude about the island. It is a strong, healthy place, smelling of sun-warmed flesh and salty hair. Looking over from the mainland on a fair day, because what noise there is is absorbed in the thick mesh of fir trees, you would never think a thing about it; except to remark that a very pretty island is in the middle of that lake, but there is no use going over to it because no one lives there

and besides it looks a terrifically long row.

"Wow, he got me that time!" The tall, thin man stepped back quickly, rubbing his fist hard in his eye. In his left hand a large speckled bass screwed and twisted furiously. The man picked the sharp scale from his eye and gave the fish a heavy bang on the stump of wood. It lay quite still, so the man took up the slender steel knife again and began scraping at the shining, treacherous scales. They hit the earth, flip, flip, flip. When the fish lay clean, he scuffed the scales into a pile with his sneakered foot and went into the door of the log cabin behind him. Two large tubs of water stood on the table in the tiny kitchen. The man brushed his hair back from his eyes. It was a cool, dull grey. It might have been strawberry blonde once. As he lowered the fish into one of the basins, his eyes were reflected in the water. Studying the ripples of the water he let the fish sink slowly to the bottom. Then he drew out his hands and rubbed them up and down on his hips.

The small clock on the shelf said 3:30. Looking hurriedly around, the man jammed the edges of his shirt down and ran out the door, down the path to the beach. The dingy lay quiet at the mooring. Quickly he threw in the rock anchor, took off his sneakers and waded out up to his shins to push the boat off the sand. He crawled over the side just as the boat drifted into the reeds. Reaching the oars, he fitted them to their locks and began the steady push, pull, moving from the waist up in a clean, strong line. He rowed rapidly and soon he was in the shin-deep water again dragging the boat up onto the

sand on the other side of the lake.

As he was tying the laces of his sneakers he heard the loud, flat voice of Mrs. Perrin as she shouted at her black Labrador Retriever. "Down off there, get off my couch!" The great black dog tumbled off the flowered couch and drew himself into a confused heap on the bare boards. The dog's tremendous black eyes gazed quietly out toward the water. Mrs. Perrin leaned over and brushed the bits of sand and dirt from the

ing on it until way into the night. It rained too, and you know as well as I do how rough that water can get. You don't suppose you could say a little something to them, do you? Besides," she added with a small, good-natured grin, "They keep me awake, and I need my sleep." For a minute Russ looked amused.

"You said they had the raft up again? That's a good raft. They cut the timber and strapped those logs themselves. Nice raft, good and safe."

motioned up the hill with his hand. "I'll do that, but I've got to hurry on now, Mrs. Perrin. Today's the day for the guests." Mrs. Perrin smiled broadly. "You were telling me something about that the other day. One of them's a relative you said?" Her face grew reminiscent, and she mused a little sadly to herself. "Yep, it'll be grand to see them. I sure do wish some of my people would come for a visit. Cousin Edna always says to Jules and me, Jules



chintz. As she stood up she noticed the man coming up the sand.

"You Russ, you there. Come here just a minute will you?" The man called Russ shaded his eyes from the sun to see where the voice was coming from. He walked over to the screened door.

"Say Russ," she began, "Those Bailey kids were down here again last night. They brought that raft of theirs and were jumping and play-

Noticing the look of dismay on Mrs. Perrin's face, he continued. "They promised never to bring it up this far. I'll talk to them soon, Mrs. Perrin, tomorrow."

"Oh, thanks, Russ, thanks. They never listen to me, or I'd have told them myself, long before this. I'll appreciate that, Russ." She nodded as she spoke and rubbed her large gray hands on the front of her apron. Russ moved his feet on the steps and

I'll be . . ."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Perrin, I think they are coming now, excuse me." Russ took long steps up the yard and across the dirt road where it met the sky. Mrs. Perrin, broken off in the middle of her sentence, went inside and sitting on a yellow chair stared without hope after him.

They drove up in a large, dusty black car, hired out at Elsworth as a taxi. It pulled slowly to a dead halt,

and a small boy of seven pounced out in the thick piles of dust. It flew in little gasps behind him as he raced to throw his arms around Russ's neck. His bright blue eyes were full of child love as he smiled up and shouted at the top of his lungs. "Hi, hi, hi you uncle!" Russ leaned down and took the boy up in his arms, holding him tight. "Did you have a good ride?" he asked grinning as the boy straddled his waist with an iron grip. The driver was lifting gabardine bags from the trunk and piling them at his feet. The other guest had emerged from the back seat. He stood with his hands folded on his stomach staring at Russ with the blonde boy around. Russ noticed him and, putting the boy down, took him by the hand as he walked toward the other boy. "Are you David's friend?" he asked. The boy was tall and looked about eleven. His hair and eyes were black, and his skin was olive and dusky. He stared a while longer, then he said, "David talks about you." He never blinked, but stared on until Russ was forced to say something.

"What does he say?"

"He says that you play with him and bait his hooks." Suddenly all three of them laughed and, grabbing up the bags, they raced down the path to the dingy. As the boy stood by watching while David and Russ piled up the boat and set it free, he said, "David calls me Erik, and that's my real name; but you may call me Rik, if you like." Russ looked at him as though each time he spoke it came as more of a surprise, but with an intuitive appreciation of harmony he grasped and assimilated little things. Now he spoke with ease. "Rik it is then." He swung his long legs over the side and seated himself in the middle. He waited for Erik to climb over; but when the boat did not dip, he looked over his shoulder. Erik stood looking at the water, his hands on his stomach.

"Coming?"

"I've never been in a boat before," he said staring at the water. "Will it tip?" David spoke from the rear in a shrill voice.

"No, silly, of course not. Get in." Erik placed one foot on the seat and holding fast to the sides, he pulled the other in after him. He crouched down and lowered his rear end onto the seat. When he was settled Russ resumed the push, pull. He went slowly this time so that the boys could see the colors in the lake and the island from a distance. It was late afternoon, and the morning golds and blues had gone from the water; now it was a deep bottle green, dark and black in some spots and pale and translucent in others, like old handblown glass. They rowed in silence, except for the shriek of surprise and pleasure when David saw the suede head of a seal bobbing not more than twenty-five feet from their boat. They reached the shore; and David began pulling Erik by the hand, showing him in great detail all the places of interest to young boys. Erik took it all in solemnly.

Summer has a way of its own. A way of love, bright smiles and a curious abandon. It works cautiously, seeping in and then declaring itself in a sudden, unheard flurry. The three of them sang softly in the warm veiled nights; and when it grew chilly and sharp, Russ read his favorite poetry in front of the fire in a kind of wild, chanting rhythm. In the new clarity of morning their laughter tinkled. They crouched low over the little blueberry bushes, picking the round, dusty berries for the pancakes. They whispered and giggled close to the ground; and the deep bowls, when they had finished, were filled with leaves and bits of earth and berries. When Russ threw the creamy batter onto the skillet their mouths watered and their eyes shone. The swimming was glorious. Padding naked over the hot rocks to the water, bolting in and lolling lazily for hours with the minnows,

David, a reddish gold and Erik now a deep brown, felt a deep and quiet love saturate their beings.

Erik was of many shadings. He liked David, and their friendship was good. But warmed by the sun there grew a love above friendship that elevated the boy to complete happiness. He awoke in the mornings eager to live, eager to learn and feel the surging warmth of air on his face. His quietness and solemnity gave him an appreciation close to Russ's. Their eyes would meet at times and, though no words were spoken, the communication had its way. Between them it thrived and grew. When David went to the other side of the island to fish, Erik would work near Russ. Once they went to Russ's little room in the look-out tower where there were jars of brushes and thick, pebbled paper that he used when he did washes of the island. Russ's face fascinated him. He would trace the strong contours of it, feeling the rough growth of summer beard beneath his fingers. Often Russ would dip his brush in the paint and water and let Erik slap it on, guiding his hand. A slow smile would break on the boy's face, and Russ would know he was pleased. At least twice a week they would both get up at five in the morning and walk all the way around the island, stopping to rest or to look at eggs and driftwood. They talked together. Erik told about his beautiful black-haired mother, his school and the work he did there. Russ talked of the island and what it had been like when he first came. Times, weeks multiplied and the two seemed to be extensions of each other.

David went on gaily detached. He had a refreshing and charming straightforwardness about him. He put them both at ease.

It was a blustery cool day with spurts of rain the morning Russ decided to take the boys to Elsworth. They rowed over the humping waves and stopped to say hello to the Perrins. Mrs. Perrin was painting the

wicker porch furniture when they knocked.

"Coming," she shouted out the window. She emerged wiping her dripping hands on her apron.

"Oh, Russ," she exclaimed, "I've been wanting to see you. The Bailey boys are coming over here later on, and I thought it would be nice if David and his friend could come to meet them. Their raft broke last night and they are anxious for something to do. Would they like to come?" Russ looked down at the two boys. Then he said quietly, "Yes, Mrs. Perrin, they'll come. I'll drop them off on our way back from town."

"Wonderful," she beamed.

They stayed two hours in town. On the way back they shared a bag of jelly beans. When Russ stopped the car the two boys climbed out. They noticed the Bailey boys standing by the house watching them. Erik hung back close to Russ; David walked up to the boys. They were well-built young boys, and their hair sat like thatched roofs on their heads.

"Hullo," they said.

"Hullo," said David. "Did you really break your raft last night?" One of the boys stepped forward shaking his fist.

"Yeah, darn it. Best raft in the world, too." The other one said, "Wish we had it now so's we could play on it," and David answered, "Me too."

"Who's your friend?" the older boy asked. All three turned to look at Erik. He stood holding Russ's hand. Russ was talking to him in a low voice. David turned quickly back.

"Erik," he said shortly.

"What's he doing, why doesn't he come over here, doesn't he want to play with us?"

"Why is he hanging onto Russ's hand?" The two boys bore down on David with their machine gun questions. David did not like the tone of their voices. But he brightened.

"Come on, let's play."

"Isn't he coming?" David glanced back.

"He'll come in a minute, let's go on. We can climb those trees behind the shed." He ran off waving his arms. The younger boy followed him, but the other hung around the corner of the house. He watched Erik and Russ closely. Russ knelt down, taking the boy by the waist. They spoke softly to each other. The Bailey boy strained to hear their speech. Erik put his arms around Russ's neck for a minute, then he walked slowly towards the house. He looked back at Russ and waved gently. Russ waved back.

Just as Erik rounded the corner the boy jumped out and began walking close by him. He talked in a low hoarse whisper.

"Why did you hang onto that man, kid?" Erik didn't answer; he continued walking straight ahead. This time the boy's voice was gentler. "Is he your father, kid?" Still getting no answer he went on. "No, he ain't your father, no he ain't. I never saw a kid hang on to a man like that, unless he was his father. Except at the carnival, then, hah, hah . . ." the boy's voice stuck in his throat as it got deeper.

"Get away from me." Erik spoke rapidly, but he did not tremble.

"Getting scared, huh. Don't worry, I won't squeal if you just tell me what's going on."

"What are you talking about?"



"Don't play dumb. You know. Come on and tell." Erik began to walk faster to get away from the feeling of the boy as he pressed close, breathing heavily. He broke into a run, but the boy caught him and dragged him down into the dust.

"Tell me, tell me, sissie."

The pain of physical repulsion grew sharp.

"Tell you what, tell you what. Oh, please leave me alone," he begged.

This time the boy leaned down and pulled Erik by the arm and dragged him after him to the shed where the others were playing. Shoving him down into the sawdust he marched up to David.

"What's the matter with your friend here. Don't he know he's crazy?" David stared at Erik without comprehension. A great silence followed in which each childish mind sought to free itself from the confusion. Each one tried to comprehend the quick cruelty and the suffering in Erik's eyes. But being children they could not artfully avoid ugliness. They could only reach back and pull out their store of experiences and hold them out. And they did, but it wasn't enough. They all stood, terribly embarrassed. Erik raised himself and stood in front of them. Not knowing what to say, feeling no need to defend, he started for the door. Mrs. Perrin's voice rang through the woods.

"Russ is here, come boys." The Bailey boy rushed through the door.

"Mrs. Perrin, do you know what? There's something funny going on with them two. I think they're in love or something, I think that he's . . ." suddenly he became very confused, and when he saw Russ walking down the path all he could do was point his finger and cry.

The next day, if anyone had bothered to stand on the shore and look over to the island around nine o'clock in the morning, they would have seen a tall man and two boys rowing over the lake. They went

(Continued on Page 21)

When the Lugger Fleet Comes Back to Old De Lisle

When the sun is prone upon the marsh,
And the king fish bird has ceased to cry out harsh
At the gulls that circled the bayou shore,
Seeking fiddlers hid by the mud's soft core
That was colored black in day and night,
But tinted gold by the last twilight,
The luggers come to rest in old De Lisle.
The captains lose their grip upon the wheel,
For the days of the sea are far behind,
And the thoughts of the sea are gone from the mind.

"Hello, mama, papa, and Lisanne.
We're back from the sea, an' ain't it gran'.
De shreemp are as beeg as old ceegars
An' as sweet to taste as candy bars.
De sea, she is rough from Point Pierre
To de beacon over yonder on Inland Square.
Our backs, dey are sore, an' our hands, dey are cracked,
But we're home an' happy an' our holds, dey are packed.

"What's dat you say, Rene, he is sick.
Well, I show him a fish dat feex him quick.
De fish, he got caught in de net,
An' is de biggest you ever saw, I bet.
An' more turtles we got for de soup
Den you'd need to feed a hull damn troop.

"So now come on an' help us ashore,
Or I think I shall never come home no more.
We are happy, an' yet we are tired;
So help us ashore before we's expired."

So the luggers return to old de Lisle,
And the shrimpers regain their landward feel.
With each new step upon the ground
They test the firmness that their feet have found,
As they walk to their homes with family and friends
And wonder anew at the way the path bends.
So what they remembered had once been before
Became with a sight a sensation once more.
For the days of the sea are far behind,
And the thoughts of the sea are gone from the mind.

Some city clothes and a long untaken bath,
An end to the sea and a pleasant aftermath
To the weeks of work in the lugger fleet,
With, after that, a good warm meal for a treat,
And the arms of a wife in which to sleep
While far away the gray waves leap,
And the forgotten trawl lines stretch and creak,
As the lugger strains and the bilges leak.

And so they say:

"Tomorrow there's drinkin' gonna be done
From de comin' of de night to de risin' of de sun.
You gotta drink a lot, an' den some more,
For it's a long, long way 'tween de sea an' de shore.
An' you gotta do a lot when you do at all,
'Cause de sea's so big an' it's a small, small trawl.

"So you better be quick an' have your fun,
Lest de shore be gone before you begun."
. . . While the days of the sea are far behind,
And the thoughts of the sea are gone from the mind.

—Rutledge Parker

Duke University Dining Halls



- Woman's College Dining Halls
- Southgate Dining Hall
- The Oak Room
- Cafeterias A-B-D
- Breakfast Bar
- The New Grille
- Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge

Sort of Queer

(Continued from Page 6)

because I know what nail polish looks like. Maybe I *was* sort of queer. It bothered me for a long time afterwards. I thought about it all that day, but I didn't remove it right then because I didn't want the gang to know that I felt bad about it. I tried to hide my feet though; I buried my toes in the sand whenever I could. Then that night I filed most of the polish off leaving just a little so people wouldn't know that I had filed it off on purpose. The little I left on could have looked like just dirt to someone who hadn't seen it before.

Well, I don't worry about the nail polish anymore, like I did then. It still puzzles me though; it's something to think about—why people do certain things. I'm sure other people do silly things without knowing why, without even stopping to think why. I think everyone must be sort of queer, and that's how we keep from getting bored.

Don't Forget the Nuts

(Continued from Page 7)

We sat in the swing on Mrs. Bartrum's porch for a little while after we got back and talked a bit. I was getting to think more and more of Mr. Selby all the time. He's such a slick one with the charm. Pretty soon I decided it was getting late so I better go in; and as we got up to go over to the door, it got real quiet. I couldn't think of a thing to say all of a sudden, which is pretty unusual for me, don't you know, and I guess he couldn't either. Then, "Miss Miller—" he says, in a sort of shaky way, and out of the clear blue sky he just grabbed me in his arms and tried to kiss me. Me, Miss Amanda Miller!

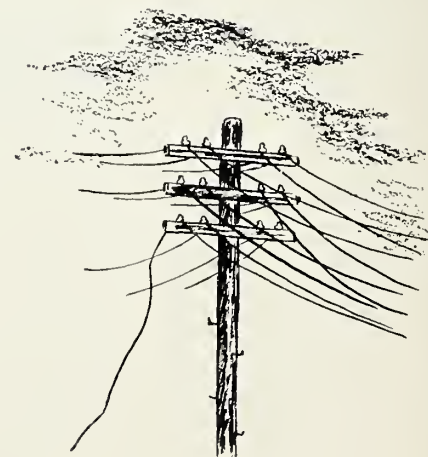
What did I do? Why, what any decent girl would do. I pulled my arm back just as quick as I could—Mr. Selby's right strong, more so than he looks—and slapped his face

just as hard as I could. Then I reached over and turned on the porchlight so I wouldn't have to worry about him being so fresh any more, and did I give him a piece of my mind! "Mr. Selby," I says, "my mama has brought us Miller girls up to know better than to let a gentleman kiss us unless he has given some indication of whether or not his intentions are honorable, and especially not on the first date! Really, what kind of hussy do you think I am?"

The porchlight at Mrs. Bartrum's is a genuine beacon, and Mr. Selby looked sort of pale and scared and shaken up standing there, glassy-eyed, with one cheek redder than the other where I'd slapped him. He looked so pitiful I almost would have felt sorry for him, that is, if I hadn't been so mad.

"Please, Miss Miller," he says in a kind of quiet voice, but still a little desperate. "You'll wake the neighbors—or Mrs. Bartrum," he says. He had the nerve to tell me to be quiet after trying to take advantage of me! Well, that was just more than I could stand, so I just turned on my heel—my feet were just killing me by that time—and walked straight in that door and slammed it as hard as I could.

I was so upset by what I'd been through that I had to go into the kitchen and eat the rest of the cream puffs and eclairs and a glass of milk before I could calm down enough



to go to bed. But I just kept thinking to myself, "Amanda, you held your own and kept yourself from going towards the road of being a fallen woman, and Mama would be proud of you." And she was, too, when I wrote her all about it.

So I just figured that if Mr. Selby was a true gentleman and really regretted his act of passion, he would come apologize and say that nothing like that would ever happen again; and maybe if he begged me, I'd consent to go out with him again. But if he didn't, well, he wasn't worth my while anyway because all he was attracted to me for was my—well, physical charms, so to speak.

No, he didn't apologize, and that just goes to show how lowdown some men can be. Oh, I don't say they're all like that, no ma'am. Why, if I thought that, I'd really feel awful because when the right one for me comes along, he certainly couldn't be that way. But I suppose most men are.

There goes that Kathy Kirby again, strutting along just so pleased with herself. Have you seen that diamond engagement ring Mr. Selby gave her? Well, I guess it's sweet, but I practically had to get a magnifying glass to see it. Of course, she's just as proud as she can be, even though the whole office is talking about what a short time he'd been courting her when they got en-

gaged. That kind is always impulsive though, so I wasn't too surprised. She probably pleases him better than a lot of nicer girls would—if you know what I mean.

I declare, reliving my troubles has made me so nervous. I don't know how I'll get through this hot afternoon with all the work I have to do. I guess I'll just have one more hot fudge sundae. Do you want one?

Oh, waitress—yes, that's right, and don't forget the nuts.

Burying Island

(Continued from Page 17)

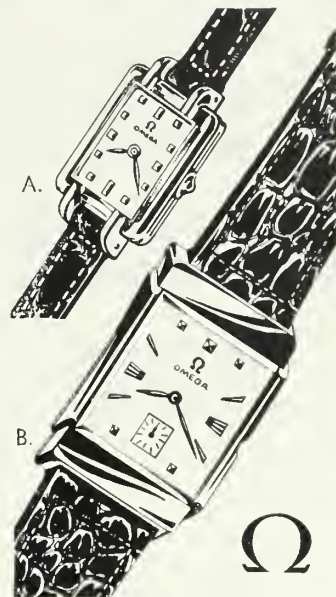
slowly, not speaking. A big, black car was waiting for them on the other side. When they got there the smaller of the two boys gave the man a hug; the other stood by watching with his hands on his stomach. They both finally got in the car, and the tall man got back into his boat and rowed back the way he had come. The island seemed sunken in a gray fog, and the man slowly disappeared into it as the fog grew thicker and thicker.

Of Masks and Poses

(Continued from Page 9)

land, instructs Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and wishes Ophelia success in her part in sounding out Hamlet.

With Ophelia Hamlet continues his antic disposition, even as he tells her, "I did love you once." He hints more of his true motive in this scene, however, for he mocks himself and censures women and their paintings and their wantonness: "I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad." The fair maid has her role to play too, when after being stationed in the hall by Polonius and the King, she pretends to have come to deliver to



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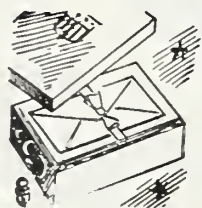
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Hamlet those remembrances he had given her.

Of all the people Hamlet seeks to disarm, he succeeds least of all with the King who doubts every reason offered him and is never thoroughly convinced that Hamlet is mad: "What he spake . . . was not like madness. There's something in his soul . . . and I do doubt the hatch and the disclose will be some danger." The King is the most successful with his role of duplicity: murderer, conniver, and seducer as he is, the Queen loves him, the court relies on him, and his people rest their faith with him. Only Hamlet goes undecieved.

With only one person, his friend Horatio, is Hamlet always natural. And Horatio himself is party to the least deception. He only follows Hamlet's advice to give no sign that he knows aught of him.

Indeed, "The play's the thing," and here each character is involved in a play of his own.

The Easter Bunny Brings Eggs In A Barrel

(Continued from Page 11)

ried across the gray linoleum floor.

"Are you asking me for excuses again?"

"No, Daughtry, I'm not asking anymore. I've given that up. There's nothing I can do." He was still looking into the kitchen, but he was seeing Harry Johnson's face not the dishes. "Marriage is not what you want, Daughtry. You want to be free, and you shall. I've tried to make you happy. But I'll not stand in your way any longer." Ben stood up slowly and moved toward the bedroom. "You can keep the apartment if you like. I hope you won't mind if I sleep out here on the sofa tonight."

Ben slept exhaustedly. His legs were cramped up in a bow. Daughtry kept coming up to him with her

arms outstretched. She wore the pink sweater he had first seen her in. She came forward until he reached out for her, and then she dropped her hands and laughed, her head tilted back so that her red hair bounced upon her shoulders. "Harry, Harry, Harry."

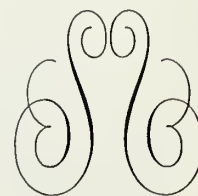
Ben woke up with a start. Someone was pressing something into his hands. "Daught!" He heard the bedroom door close. He felt the thing he was holding. It was round and hard. He got up and fumbled for the light switch still holding the thing in one hand. He found the switch and flipped it. The room was flooded with light. He looked down at the object through squinting eyes. It was a child's bank. A glass bank in the shape of a globe. It was filled with nickels.

There was that old, familiar, clean smell and white sheets. The walls were green. Little white shoes sink in soft green walls Georgia's green on the globe is round I owe Ben a nickel a nickel a nickel a nickel in never-never land.

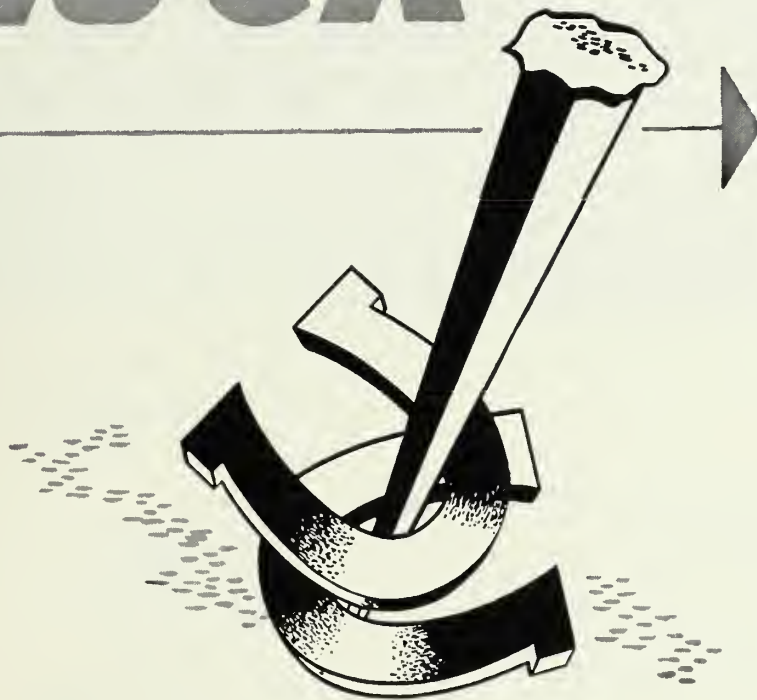
Daughtry screamed.

They were there again. The soldiers disguised as Miss Green with her mouth all crisp and stiff like her white uniform. Miss Green was trying to stretch her legs out.

Why wouldn't they leave her alone they didn't belong here soldiers don't belong here with little red haired girls like Daughtry's a barrel the Easter bunny brings eggs in a barrel.



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